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W. B. S. Jan. 1890.

77  
a  
9 11 7







THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF SONGES & AYRES OF

foure parts with Ta-  
bleture for the Lute.  
So made that all the  
parts together, or either of  
them severally may be song  
to the Lute, Orpherian  
or Viol de Gambo.

Composed by Robert Iones.

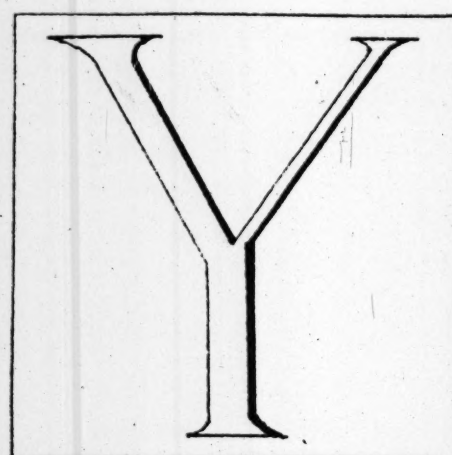
*Quæ profunt singula multa iuuant.*

Printed by Peter Short with the assent  
of Thomas Morley, and are to be sold at the  
signe of the Starre on Bredstreet hill.

1600.



TO THE HONOURABLE AND VERTV-  
 -OVS GENTLEMAN SIR ROBERT SIDNEY, KNIGHT  
 GOUVERNOUR VNDER HER MAIESTIE OF THE TOWNE OF  
 VLUSHING, AND THE CASTLE OF THE *Ramekins* IN THE LOW COUNTRIES, AND OF  
*the forts of the same appendant, with the garrison there-  
 -in placed as well of horse as foote.*



OUR great loue and fauour Honorable  
 Syr, euer manifested to all worthy Scien-  
 -ces, hath imboldened me to offer vppe at  
 your Lordships Shryne, these the vn-  
 -worthie labours of my musicall trauels.  
 And though in respect of their weake-  
 -nes, they may perhaps seeme vntimely  
 brought forth, and therefore the vnlikeli-  
 -er to prosper; yet doubt I not but if tenderd by you, they shall  
 happelie find gentle cherishing, which may be a meane to make  
 them more stronger, or else miscarrying, to encourage my en-  
 -deuours to beget a better: for as no arts wincks at fewer errors  
 than musicke: so none greater enimies to their owne profession  
 then musicians; who whilst in their own singularitie, they con-  
 -demne euery mans workes, as some waie faulty, they are the  
 cause, the art is the lesse esteemed, and they themselves reputed  
 as selfe-commenders, and men most fantasticall. Wherefore if  
 this one censuring infirmite were remoued, these my ayres  
 (free I dare say from grosse errorrs) would finde euery where  
 more gracious entertainment. But since euen those, who are  
 best seene in this art, cannot vaunt themselves free from such  
 detractours, I the lesse regard it being so well accompanied.  
 Howsoeuer if herein I may gaine your Honors good allowance,  
 I shall thinke I haue attained to the better ende of my labours  
 (which with my selfe, and the best of my seruice) restes euer  
 more at your Lordships imploiment.

*Your Lordships deuoted in  
 all dutifull seruice.*

ROBERT LONES.

A 2.



## TO THE READER.



**G**ENTLEMEN, since my desire is your eares shoulde be my indifferent iudges, I cannot thinke it necessary to make my trauels, or my bringing vp arguments to perswade you that I haue a good opinion of my selfe, only thus much I will saie: That I may preuent the rash iudgments of such as know me not. Euermore since I practised speaking, I haue practised singing; hauing had noe other qualitie to hinder me from the perfect knowledge of this faculty, I haue been encouraged by the warrant of diuers good iudgments, that my paines herein shall at the least procure good liking, if not delight, which yet for mine owne part I must needes feare as much as I desire, especially when I consider the ripenes of this industrious age, wherein all men endeavour to knowe all thinges, I confesse I was not vnwilling to embrace the conceits of such gentlemen as were earnest to haue me apparel these ditties for them; which though they intended for their priuate recreation, neuer meaning they should come into the light, were yet content vpon intreaty to make the encouragements of this my first aduenture, whereupon I was almost glad to make my small skill knowne to the world: presuming that if my cunning failed me in the Musicke: yet the words might speake for themselves, howsoever it pleaseth them to account better of that, then of these. Of purpose (as it should seeme) to make me helieve I can do something; my only hope is, that seeing neither my cold ayres, nor their idle ditties (as they will needes haue me call them) haue hitherto bene sounded in the eares of manie: they maie chance to finde such entertainment, as commonlie newes doth in the world: which if I may be so happie to beare, I will not saie my next shall be better, but I will promise to take more paines to shew more points of musicke, which now I could not do, because my chieftest care was to fit the Note to the Word, till when, I must be as well content with each mans lawfull censure, as I shall be glad of some mens undeserued fauours.

R. J.



Robert  
492  
42

A Table of all the Songs contained  
in this Booke.

**A** Womans Lookes  
Fond wanton youths  
Shce whose matchlesse beauty  
Once did I loue  
Led by a strong desire  
Lic downe poore heart  
Where lingring feare  
Hero care not though  
When loue and time  
Sweete come away  
Women what are they  
Farewell deere loue  
O my poore eies  
If fathers knew  
Life is a Poets phable  
Sweete Philomell  
That heart  
VWhat if I seeke  
My mistris  
Perplexed  
Can modest plaine desire

I.  
II.  
III.  
IIII.  
V.  
VI.  
VII.  
VIII.  
IX.  
X.  
XI.  
XII.  
XIII.  
XIIII.  
XV.  
XVI.  
XVII.  
XVIII.  
XIX.  
XX.  
XXI.

B



Robert Iones.

I.

CANTVS



Womans looks are barbed hooks, that catch

Γ Β Β Β Β Β Γ Β Β

a t e t a a a d e e

c e c e c e c a a

a a f e a a



by art the strongest hart, when yet they spend no breath, but let them speake

Β Β Β Β Γ Β Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ

a t a t a a a a a a e d e

c d e a a f a c d e e c a a

e c e c e c e c e c e



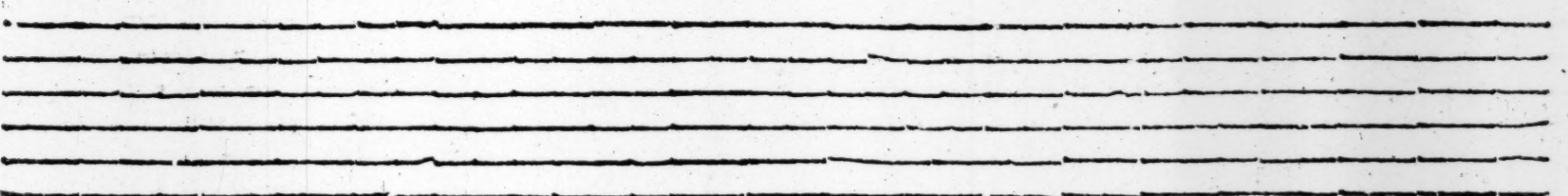
& fighting break, forth into teares, their words are speares, y wound our souls to death.

Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ

a t e t a t e t e t e t a t a

e d a e d e e e a e d a e d e a

e c e e a e c e c e c e a e c e

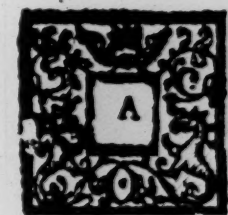


2  
The rarest wit  
Is made forget,  
And like a child  
Is oft beguiled,  
With lous sweete seeming baite:  
Loue with his rod  
So like a God,  
Commands the mind  
VVe cannot find,  
Faile shewes hide fowle deceit.

3  
Time that all things  
In order bringes,  
Hath taught me now  
To be more slow,  
In giuing faith to speech:  
Since womens wordes  
No truth affordes,  
And when they kisse  
They thinke by this,  
Vs men to ouer-reach.

BASSVS.

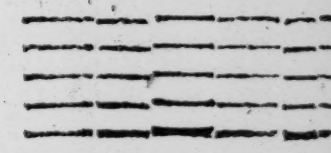
Womans looks are barbed



hart, when yet



teares, their v







oks, that catch

. B B

a a



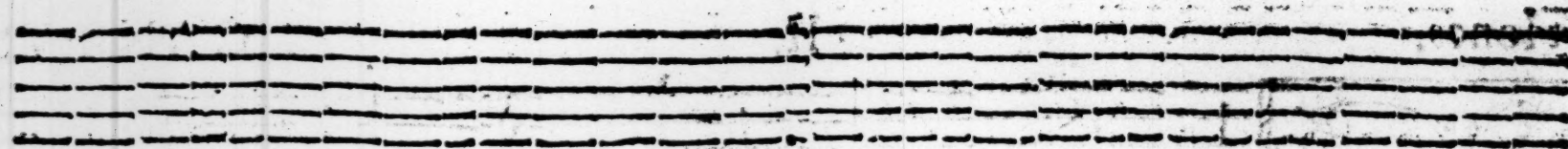
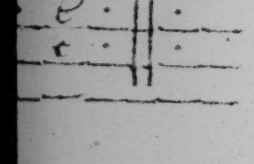
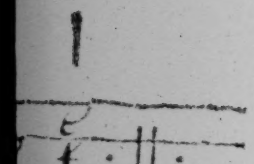
et them speake

B B

a a



to death.



teares, their words are speares, that wound our soules to death.



when yet they spend no breath, but let them speake and sighing breake, forth into



Womans looks are barbed hookes, that catch by art the strongest hart,



ALTVS.

**BASSVS.**

Womans looks are barbed  
hookes, that catch by art the strongest hart,  
when yet they spend no breath, but let them  
speake and sighing breake, forth into teares,  
their wordes are speares, that wound our  
soules to death.

TENOR.

Womans lookes are barbed hookes, that catch by art the strongest  
hart, when yet they spend no breath, but let them speake and sighing breake, forth into  
teares, their vvordes are speares, that wound our soules to death.





Ond wanton youths, fond wanton youths

makeloue a God, which after proueth ages rod, their youth, their time, their wit, their

arte, they spend in seeking of their smarte, and which of follies is the chiefe, they

wooe their woe, they woe their woe, they wedde their grieve.

- 2 All finde it so who wedded are,  
Loues sweetes they finde enfold sowre care:  
His pleasures pleasingst in the eie,  
Which tasted once, with lothing die:  
They find of follies tis the chiefe,  
Their woe to wooe to wedde their grieve.
- 3 If for their owne content they choose,  
Forthwith their kindreds loue they loose:  
And if their kindred they content,  
For euer after they repent.  
O tis of all our follies chiefe,  
Our woe to wooe to wedde our grieve.
- 4 In bed vwhat strifes are bred by day,  
Our puling vviues doe open lay:  
None friendes none foes vve must esteeme,

- But vvhome they so vouchsafe to deeme:  
O tis of all our follies chiefe,  
Our woe to wooe to vvedde our grieve.
- 5 Their smiles we want if ought they want,  
And either we their wils must grant,  
Or die they will or are vwith child,  
Their laughings must not be beguild:  
O tis of all our follies chiefe,  
Our woe to vwoo to vvedde our grieve.
- 6 Foule vviues are iealous, faire vviues false,  
Mariage to either bindes vs thrall:  
Wherefore being bound vve must obey,  
And forced be perforce to say:  
Of all our blisse it is the chiefe,  
Our woe to vwooe to wed our grieve.

BASSVS.



loue a God

seeking

their woe,



nton youths

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B. B. F

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r grieve,

cs false,

stobey,

grieve.

griefe, they wedde their griefe, they woode their woe, their vwoe, they vvedde their griefe.

their smart, and which of follies is the chiefe they woode their woe, ii.

after proueth a-ges rodde, their youth, their time, their wit, their art, they spend in seeking of

Ond wanton youths, ii. Fond wanton youths make loue a God ii. which



ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Ond wanton youths, ii. Fond

wanton youths make loue a God, which


after proueth ages rod, their youth, their

time, their wit, their art, they spend in seeking

of their smart, and which of follies is the chiefe

they woode their woe, their woe, they woode their woe,

they wedde their griefe, they wedde their griefe.




TENOR.

Ond wanton youths, ii. Fond wanton youths make loue a God make

loue a God which after proueth ages rod, their youth, their time, their wit, their art, ii. they spend in

seeking of their smart, and which of follies is the chiefe, of follies is the chiefe, they woode

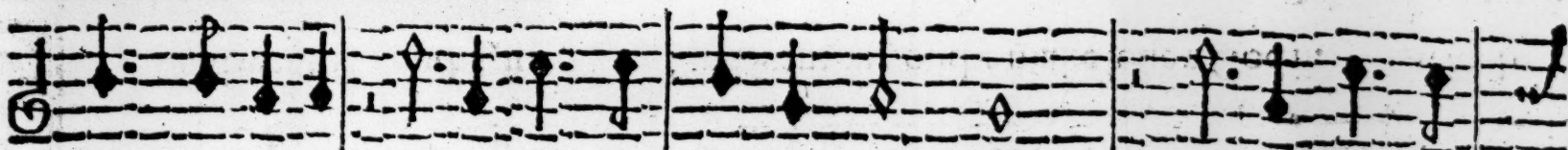
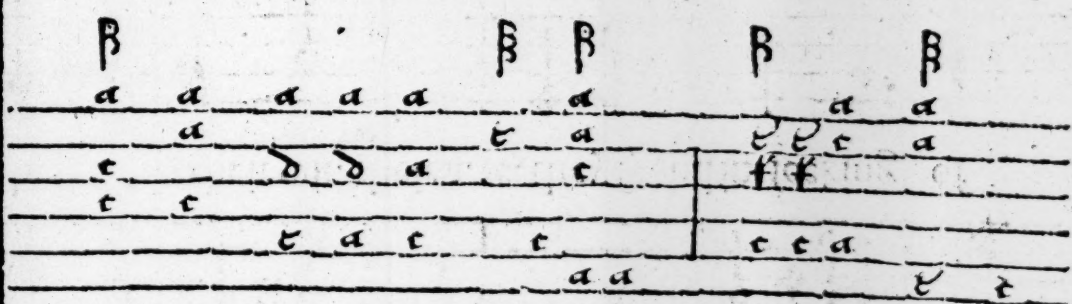
their woe, they wedde their griefe, they woode their woe, their vwoe, they vvedde their griefe.



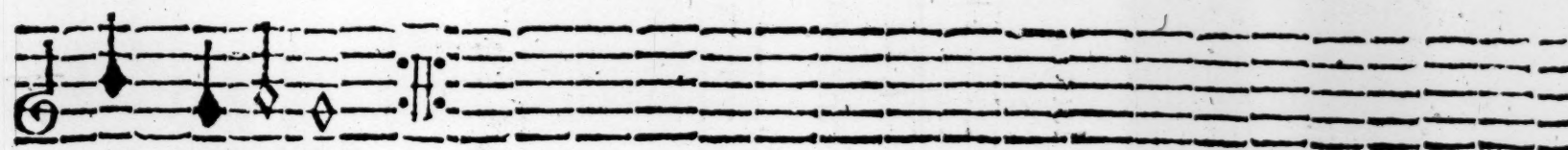




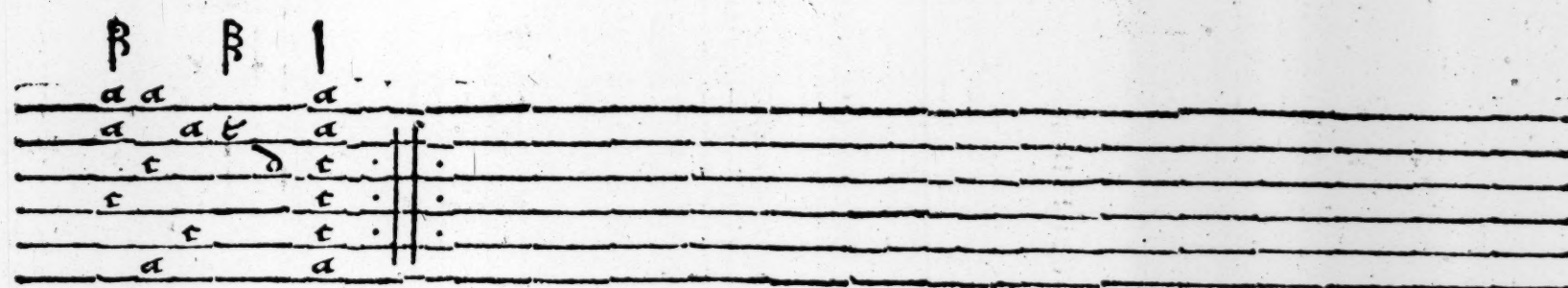
He whose matchles beauty stayneth, what best iudgment



fairst maintaineth, shee O shee my loue dis- dai- neth, shee O shee my



loue disdaineth.



2  
Can a creature so excelleng,  
Harbour scorne in beauties dwelling,  
All kinde pittie thence expelling?

3  
Pitty beauty much commendeth,  
And th'imbracer oft befriendeth,  
When all eie-contentment endeth.

4  
Time proues beauty transitory  
Scorne; the staine of beauties glory,  
In time makes the scorner sorie.

5  
None adores the sunne declining,  
Loue all loue fals to resigning,  
When the sunne of loue leaues shining.

6  
So when flowre of beauty failes thee,

And age stealing on affailes thee,  
Then marke what this scorne auales thee.

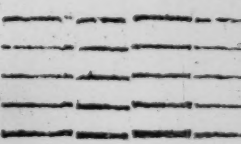
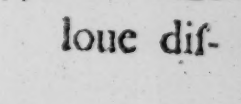
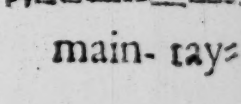
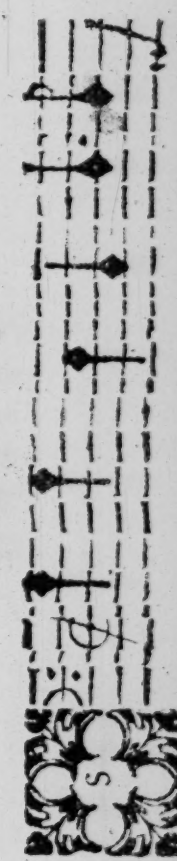
7  
Then those hearts which now complaining,  
Feele the wounds of thy disdainig,  
Shall contemne thy beauty waining.

8  
Yea thine owne hart now deere prized,  
Shall with spite and grieve surprised,  
Burst to finde it selfe despised.

9  
When like harmes haue them requited,  
Who in others harmes delighted,  
Pleasingly the wrong'd are righted.

10  
Such reuenge my wronges attending,  
Hope still liues on time depending,  
By thy plagues my torments ending.

BASSVS.





CANTVS

best iudgment

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α α  
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thee my  
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β  
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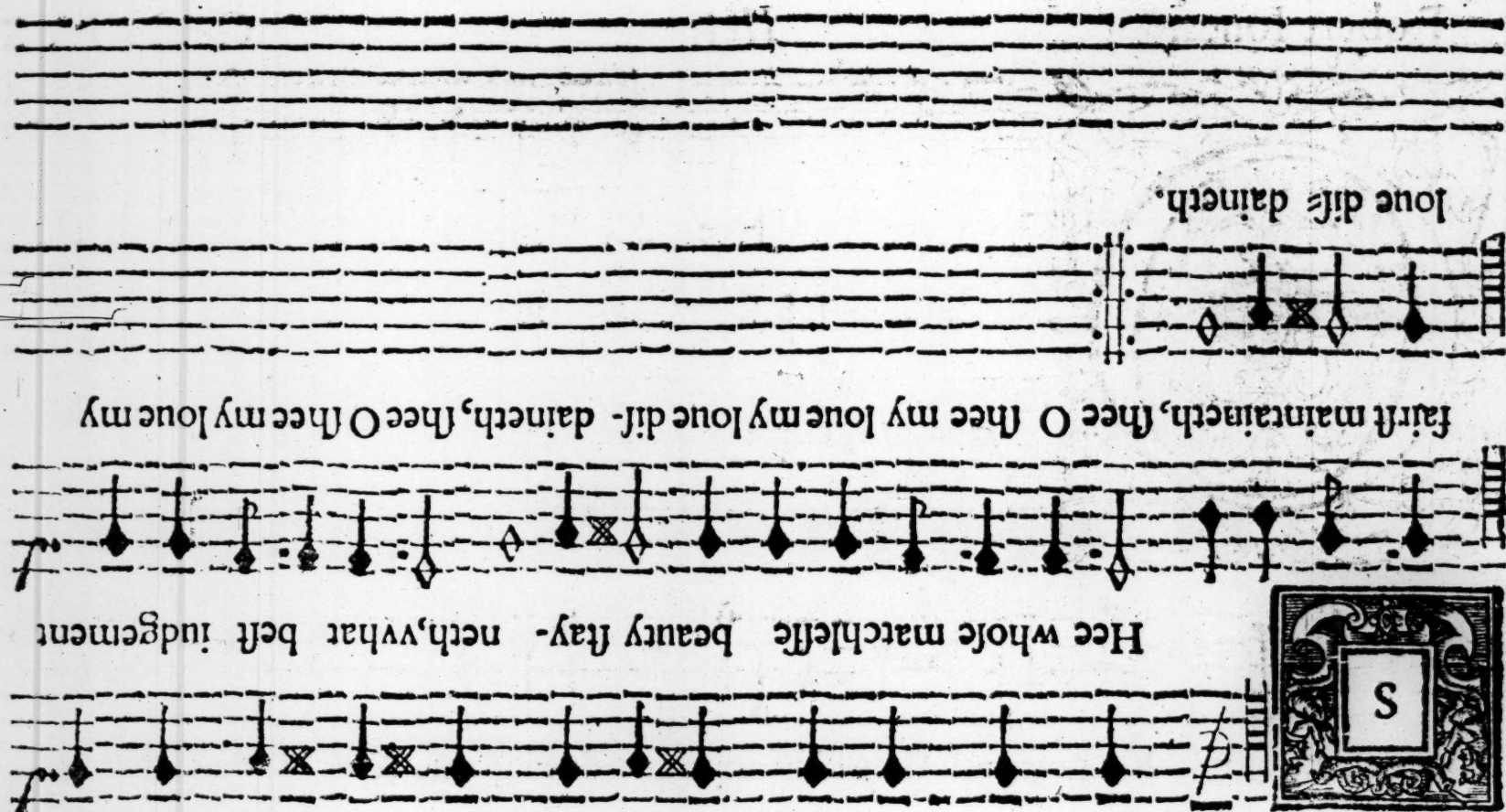
hee,  
auailes thee.

v complaining,  
aining,  
aining.

ere prized,  
prised,

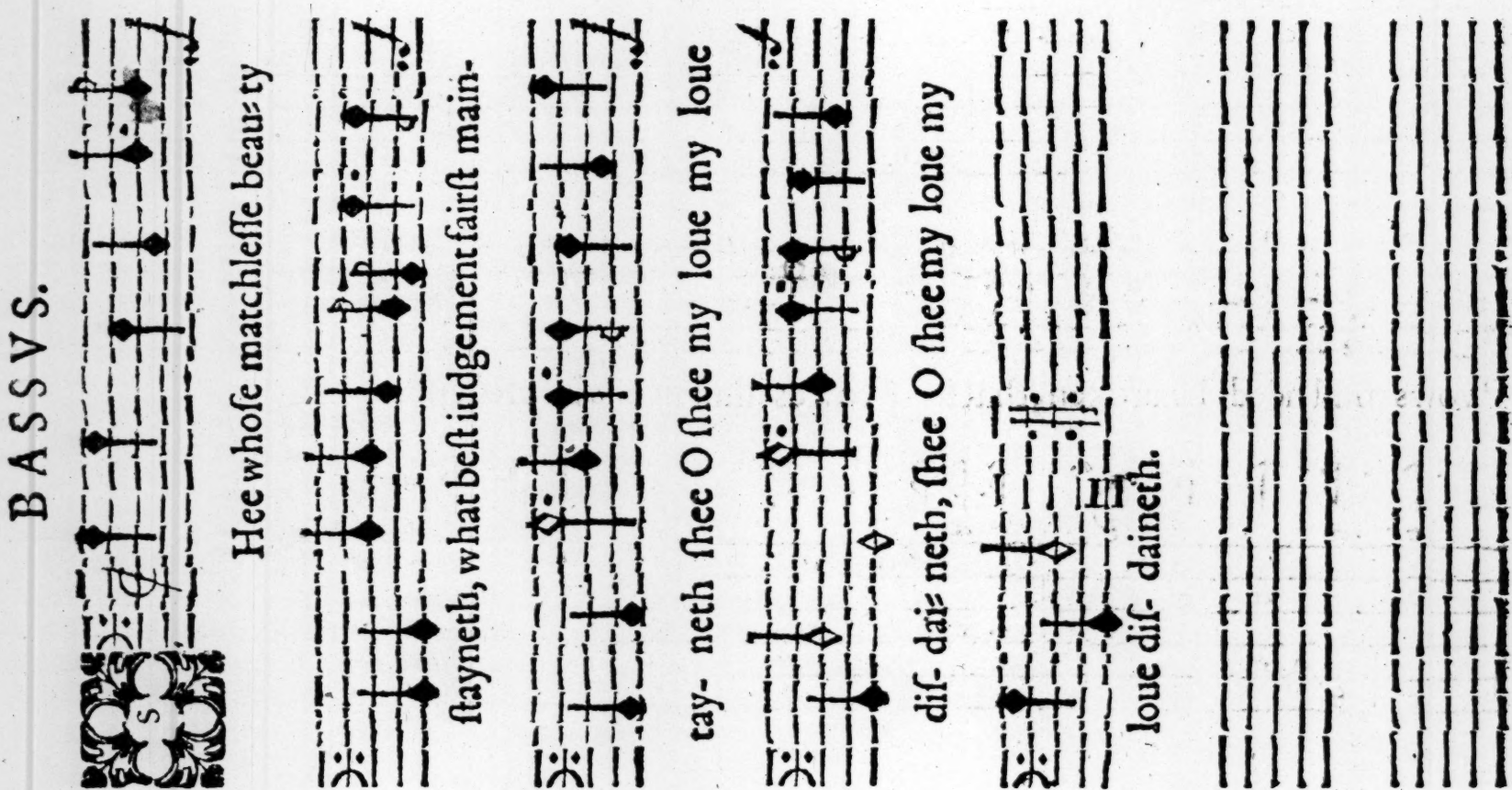
m requited,  
ghted,  
ghted.

ttending,  
nding,  
ending.



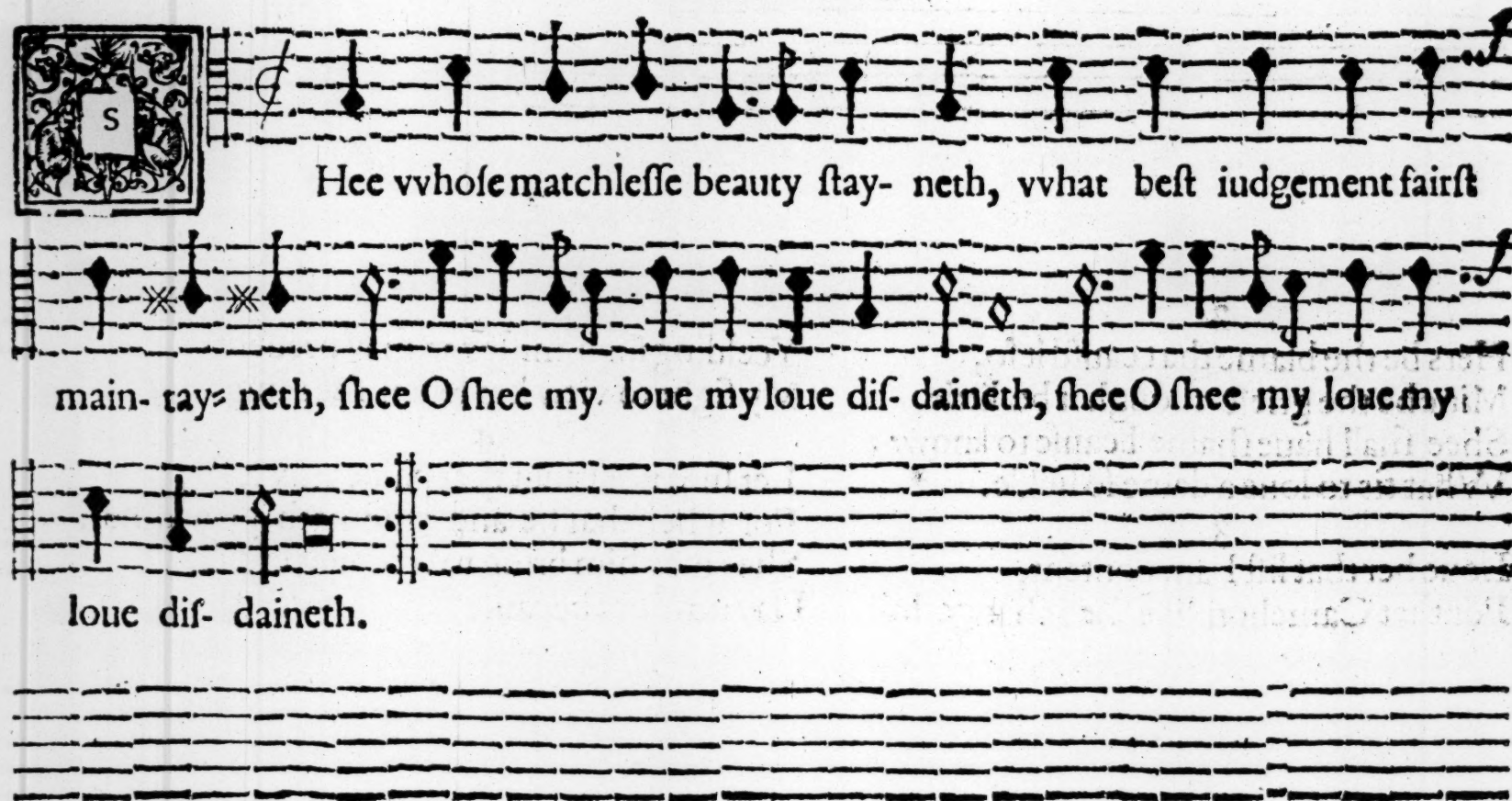
Hee whole matchlesse beauty stay- neth, vvhath best iudgement fairst  
fairst maine neth, thee O thee my loue my loue dif- daineth, thee O thee my loue my  
loue dif- daineth.

ALTVS.



Hee whole matchlesse beauty  
stay neth, what best iudgement fairst main-  
tay- neth thee O thee my loue my loue  
dif- dais neth, thee O thee my loue my  
loue dif- daineth.

TENOR.



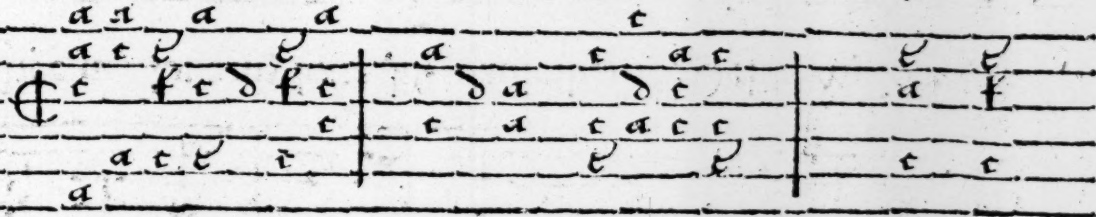
Hee vvhole matchlesse beauty stay- neth, vvhath best iudgement fairst  
main- tay- neth, thee O thee my loue my loue dif- daineth, thee O thee my loue my  
loue dif- daineth.





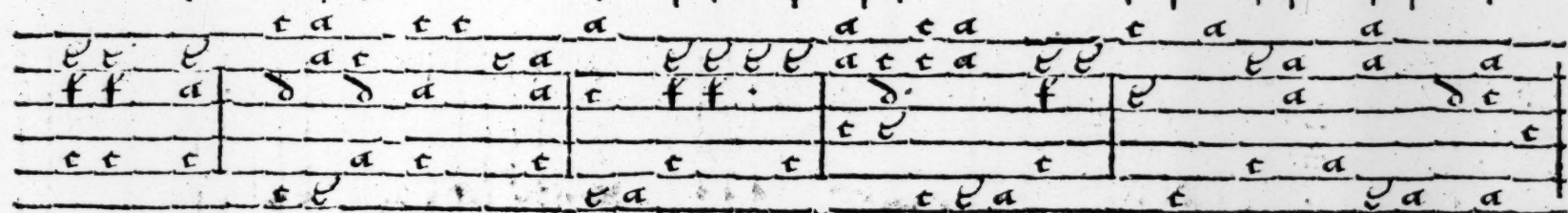
Nce did I loue and yet I liue, though

Γ Β Β Β Β Β Β Γ Β



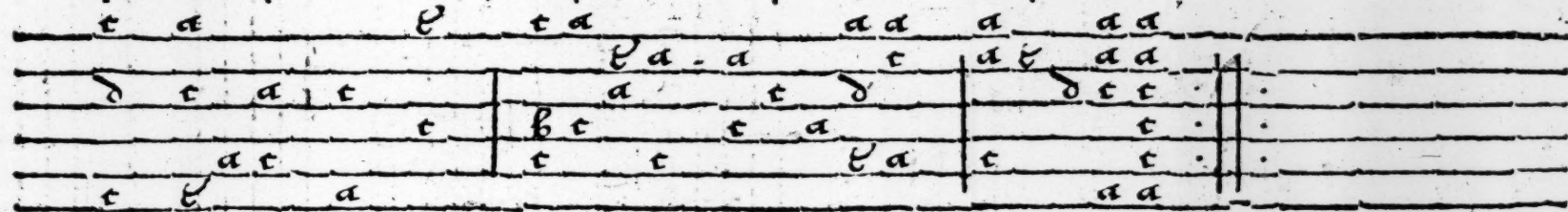
loue & truth be now for-gotten. Then did I ioy nowe doe I grieue, that holy

Β Γ Β Γ Β Β Γ Γ Β Β Β Β Β Β Β



vows must needs be broken, that holy vowes must needs be broken.

Γ Β Γ Β Β Β Β Β Β Β Β Β Β



2

Hers be the blame that cauld it so,  
Mine be the grieve though it be little,  
Shee shall haue shame I cause to know:  
What tis to loue a dame so fickle.

3

Loue her that list I am content,  
For that Camelion like shee changeth,

Yeelding such mistes as may preuent:  
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

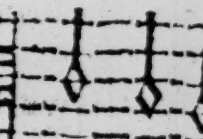
4

Let him not vaunt that gaines my losse,  
For when that he and time hath prou'd her,  
Shee may him bring to weeping crosse:  
I say no more because I lou'd her.

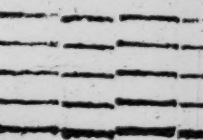
BASSVS.



now beenov

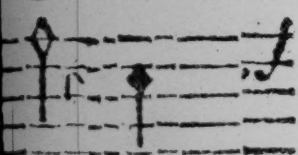


needs be broke



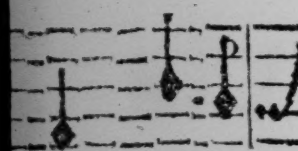
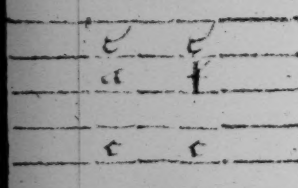


CANTVS



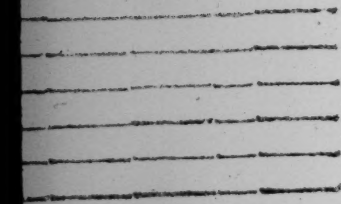
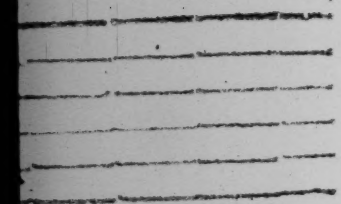
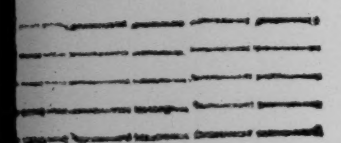
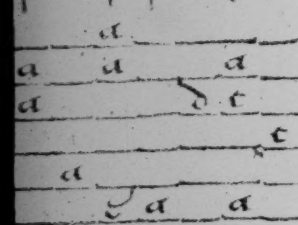
liue, though

f. B



that holy

B B B B



uent:  
rangeth.

ny losse,  
th prou'd her,  
grosse:  
r.

Nce did I loue and yet I liue, though loue and truth be now  
forgotten, then did I ioy now doe I grieue that holy vowes must needs  
be broken, that holy vowes must needs must needs bee broken.

ALTS.

**BASSVS.**

Nce did I loue and yet I liue and yet  
I liue, though loue and truth be now forgot-  
ten, then did I ioy now doe I grieue now doe  
I grieue that holy vowes must needs bee  
broken, that holy vowes must needs bee  
broken.

TENOR.

Nce did I loue and yet I liue and yet I liue, though loue and truth bee  
now bee now forgotten, then did I ioy, now doe I grieue I grieue, that holy vowes must  
needs be broken that holy vowes must needs must needs bee broken.



Robert Iones.

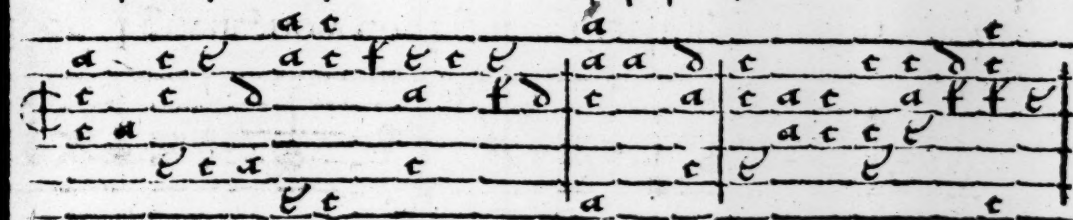
V.

CANTVS



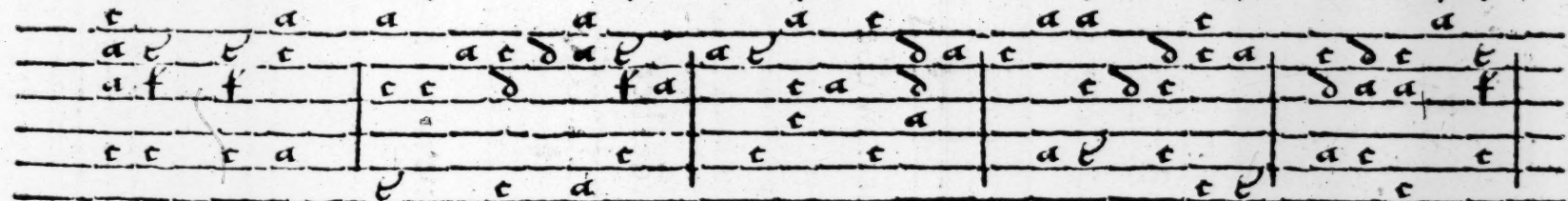
Ed by a strong de- fire to haue a thing vn-

B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.



seene, nothing could make mee tire to bee to bee to bee where as I had been,

B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.



I got her sight which made me think, my thirst was gone because I saw my drinke.

B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.B.B. B.B.B.B.



<sup>2</sup>  
Kept by the carefull watch  
Of more then hundred eies,  
I sought but could not catch  
The thing she not denies:  
Tis better to be blind and fast,  
Then hungrie see thy loue and cannot tast.

<sup>3</sup>  
But louers eies doe wake  
When others are at rest,  
And in the night they slake  
The fire of daies vnrest:  
Mee thinkes that ioy is of most worth,  
Which painful time & passed feares brings forth.

<sup>4</sup>  
Yet husbands doe suppose  
To keepe their wiues by art,  
And parents will disclose  
By looks their childrens hart:  
As if they which haue will to doe,  
Had not the wit to blind such keepers to.

<sup>5</sup>  
Peace then yee aged fooles  
That know your selues so wise,  
That from experience schooles  
Doe thinke wit must arise:  
Giue young men leaue to thinke and say,  
Your senses with your bodies doe decay.

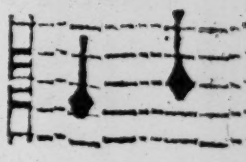
<sup>6</sup>  
Loue ruleth like a God  
Whom earth keepes not in awe,  
Nor feare of smiting rod  
Denounc'd by reasons law:  
Giue graue aduise but rest you there,  
Youth hath his cours, & wil, & you youths wer.

<sup>7</sup>  
Thinke not by prying care  
To picke loues secrets out,  
If you suspicious are  
Your selues resolue your doubt,  
Who seekes to know such deede once done,  
Findes periury before confession.

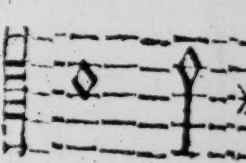
BASSVS.



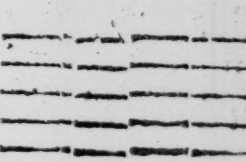
Ed by a strong desire to haue



could make me t



sight which mad





14

Ed by a strong de-  
 fire to haue a thing vnfencd,  
 nothing could  
 make mee sure, to bee to bee to bee where I had been,  
 I got her  
 fight which made me thinke, my thin it was gone, because I saw my drinke.

**BASSVS.**

Edby a strong desire to haue  
a thing vnseene, nothing could make me  
tire to bee to bee where I had been,  
where I had been, I got her sight which made  
me thinke my thirst was gone, because I saw  
my drinke.

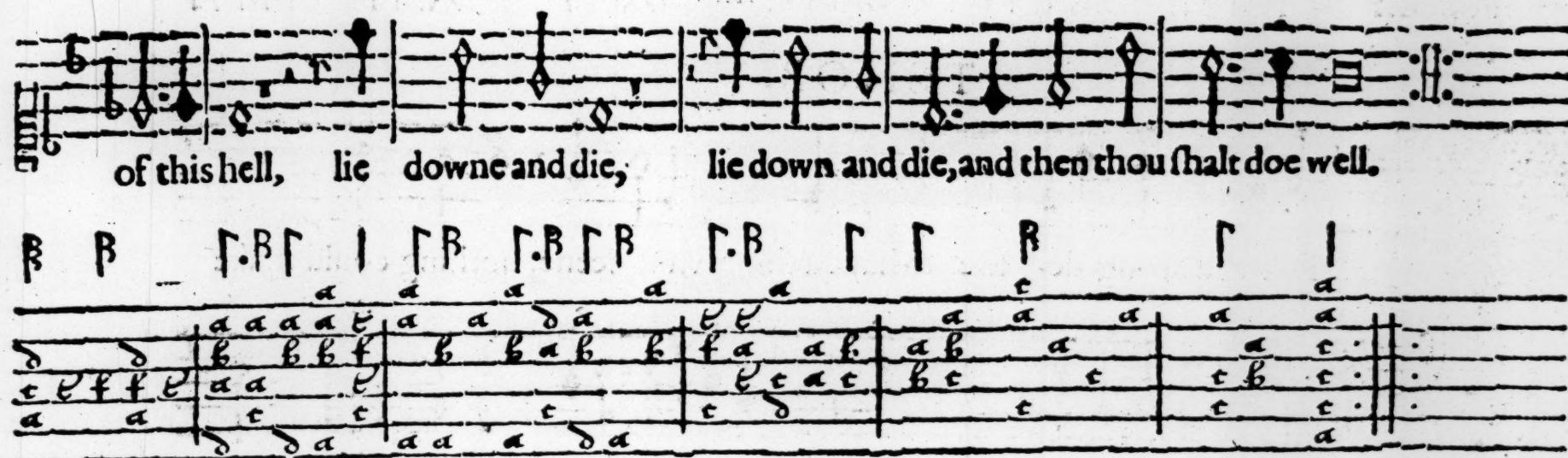
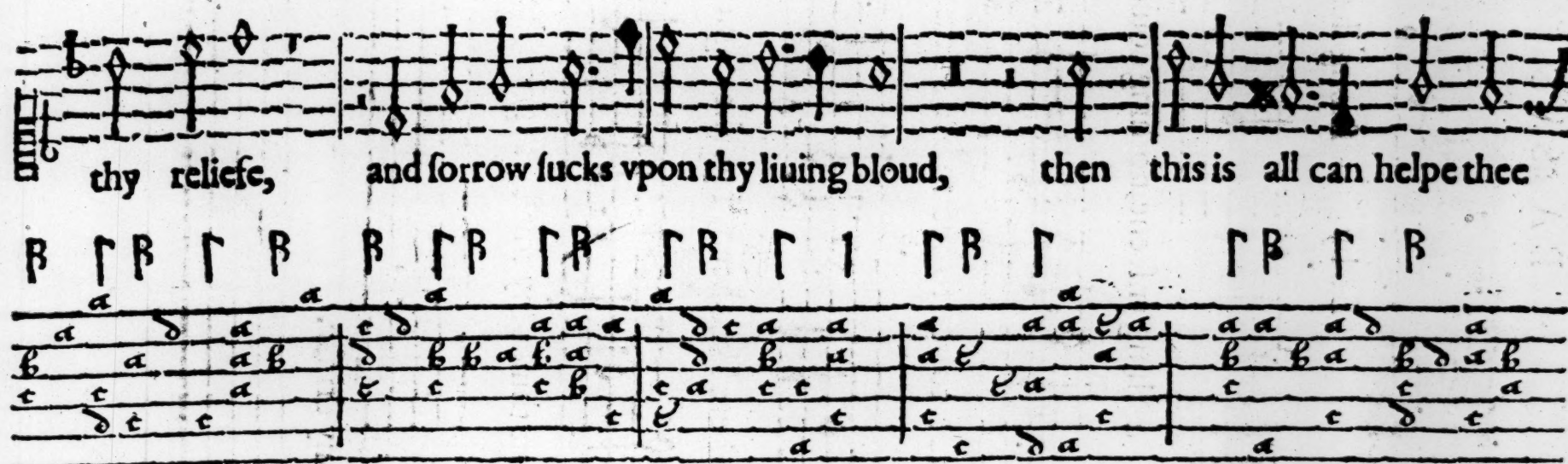
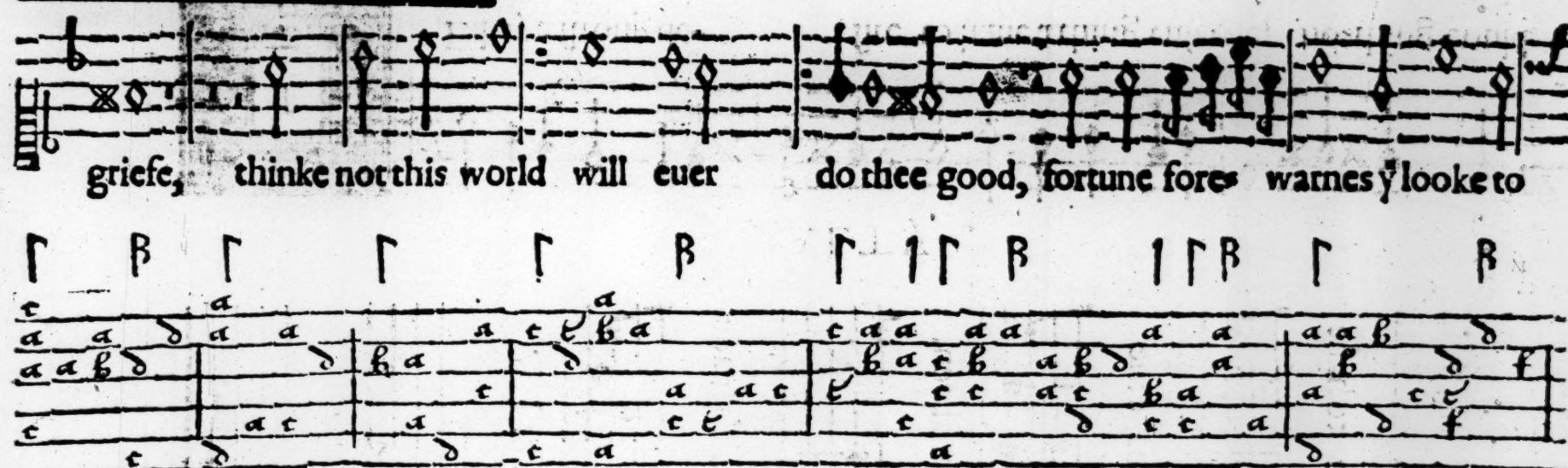
**I**

Ed by a strong de- fire to haue a thing vn- seene, nothing could make

could make me tire, to be to be to be where I had been, ii. where I had bin, I got her

fight which made me thinke my thirst was gone, because I saw my drinke.

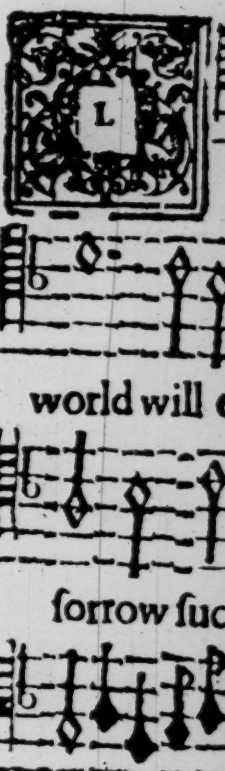




Day giues his light but to thy labours toyle,  
 And night her rest but to thy weary bones,  
 Thy fairest fortune followes with a foyle:  
 And laughing endes but with their after grones.  
 And this is all can helpe thee of thy hell,  
 Lie downe and die and then thou shalt doe well.

Patience doth pine and pittie ease no paine,  
 Time weares the thoughts but nothing helps y mind,  
 Dead and aliue aliue and dead againe:  
 These are the fits that thou art like to finde.  
 And this is all can helpe thee of thy hell,  
 Lie downe and die and then thou shalt doe well.

BASSVS.





ANTVS

while for

looke to

helpe thee

ne,  
helps y mind,

de.  
ll,  
t doe well:

die and die, lie, ii. lie, ii. and then thou shalt doe well.

sucks vpon thy liuing bloud thy liuing bloud, then this is all can ridde thee of this hell, lie downe and

euer do thee good do thee good, fortune forewarnes thou looke to thy reliefe, and forrow

and die a while for griefe, thinke not this world will

lie down poore hart, ii.



ALTS.

**BASSVS.**

lie down poore hart & die a while for

griefe, ii. thinke not this world will


euer do thee good, fortune forewarnes

thou looke to thy reliefe, & forrow sucks vpon thy


liuing bloud, thy, ii. then this is all can rid thee

of this hell, lie downe and die & die, lie downe and

die and then thou shalt doe well.



TENOR.

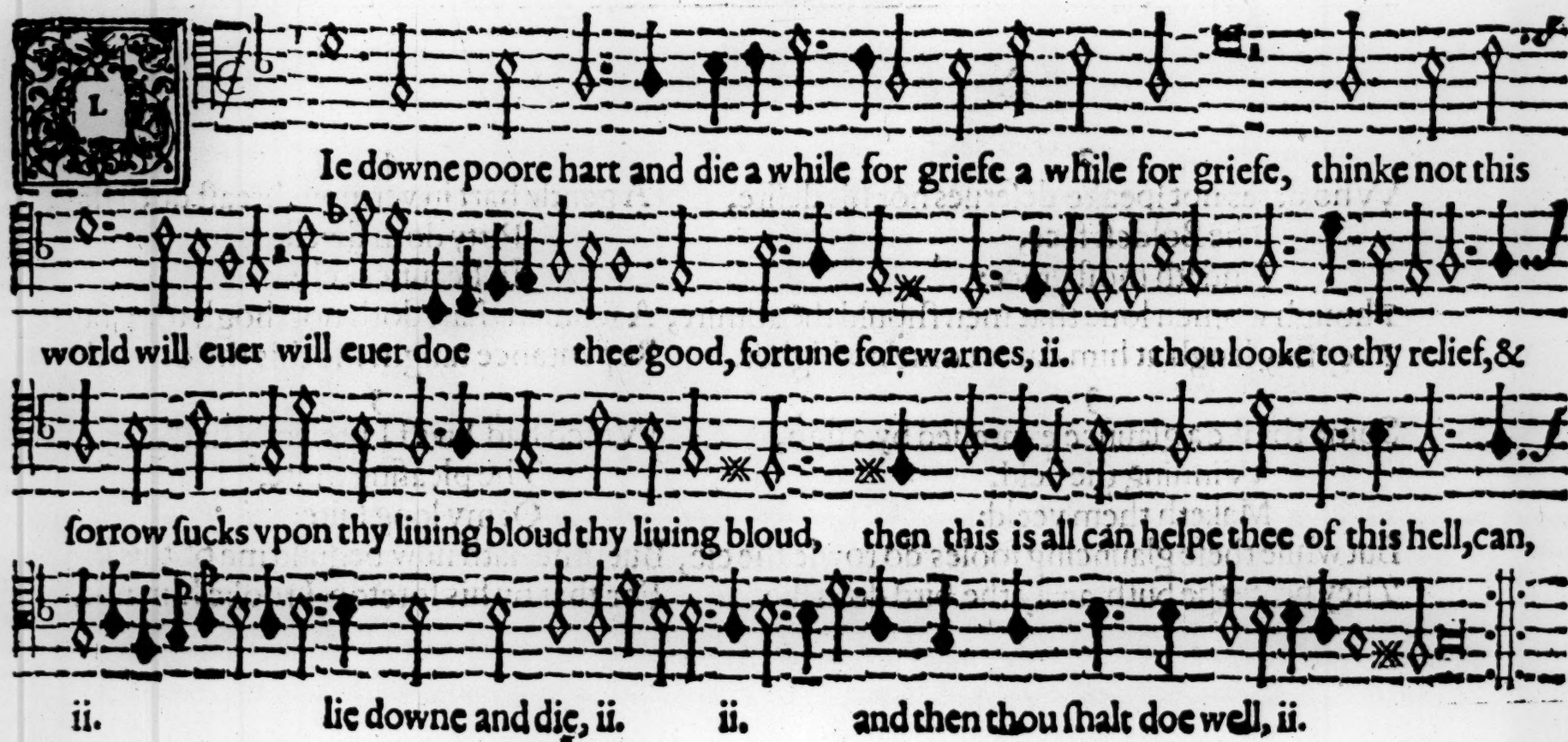


lie downe poore hart and die a while for griefe a while for griefe, thinke not this

world will euere will euere doe thee good, fortune forewarnes, ii. thou looke to thy reliefe, &

forrow sucks vpon thy liuing bloud thy liuing bloud, then this is all can helpe thee of this hell, can,

ii. lie downe and die, ii. ii. and then thou shalt doe well, ii.







Here lingring feare doth once posses doth once posses the

hart, there is the toong forst to prolong, & smother vp his suite, while that his smart

while that his smart, like fire supprest like fire supprest, flames more in euery part.

while that his smart, like fire supprest like fire supprest, flames more in euery part.

2  
Who dares not speake deserues not his desire,  
The Boldest face,  
Findeth most grace:

Though women loue that men should the admire,  
They flily laugh at him dares come no higher.

3  
Some thinke a glaunce expressed by a sigh,  
Winning the field,  
Maketh them yeeld:

But while these glauncing fooles do rowle the eie,  
They beate the bush, away the bird doth flie.

4  
A gentle hart in vertuous breast doth stay,  
Pitty doth dwell,  
In beauties cell:

A womans hart doth not though tong say nay  
Repentance taught me this the other day.

5  
Which had I wist I presently had got,  
The pleasing fruite,  
Of my long suite:

But time hath now beguild me of this lor,  
For that by his foretop I rooke him not.

BASSVS.



toong forst to

like fire suppre



CANTVS

ce posses the  
B. B.  
e that his smart

every part.

cast doth stay,

ogh tong say nay  
the other day.

y had got,

ne of this lot,  
oke him not.



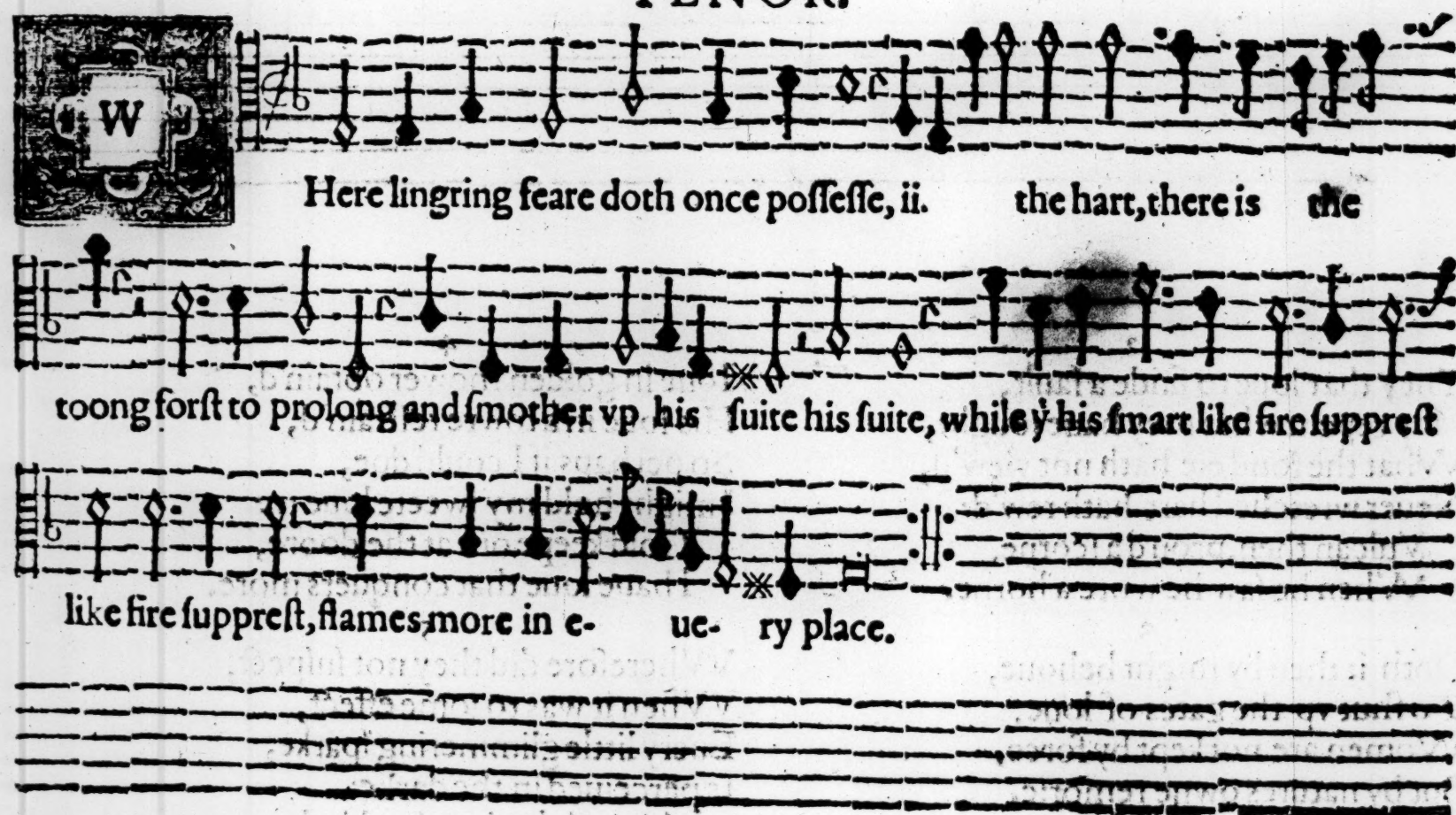
Here lingring feare while here lingring feare doth once posses, ii. the hart  
doth once posses the hart, there is the toong forst to prolong & smother vp his smart, while  
that his suite while that his suite, like fire supprest like fire supprest, flames more in euery part.

ALTS.



Here lingring feare doth once  
posses, doth once posses y hart, posses the  
hart, there is the toong forst to prolong pro-  
long and smother vp his suite, while that his  
smart while that his smart, ii. Like  
fire supprest like fire supprest, flames more  
in euery part.

TENOR.



Here lingring feare doth once possesse, ii. the hart, there is the  
toong forst to prolong and smother vp his suite his suite, while y his smart like fire supprest  
like fire supprest, flames more in e- ue- ry place.



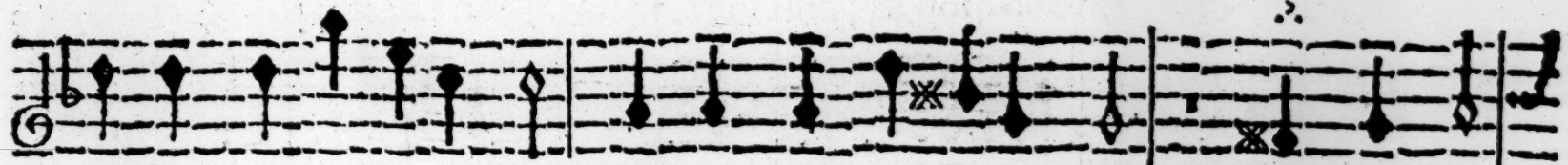
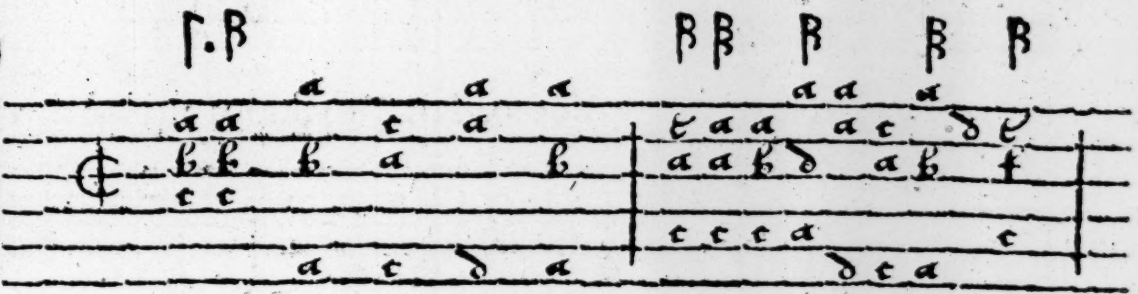
Robert Iones.

VIII.

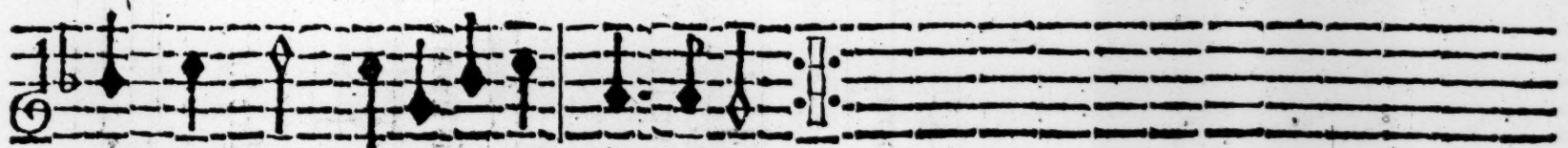
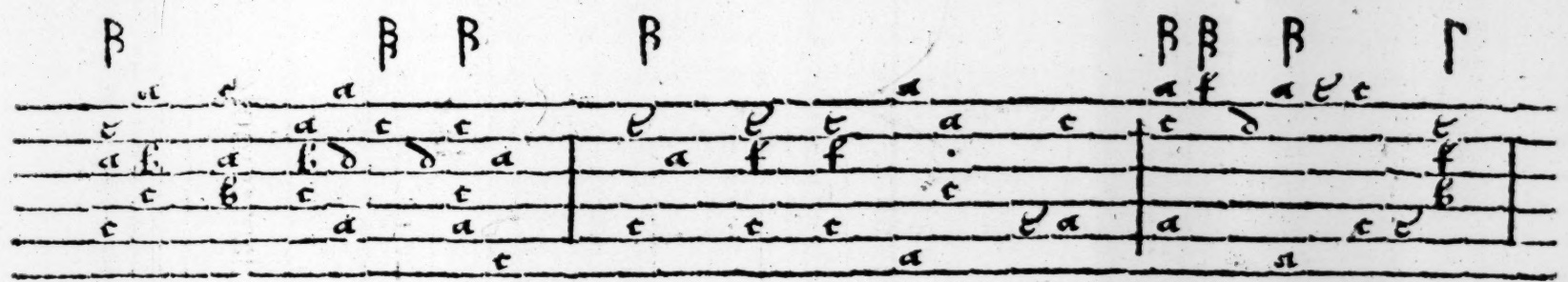
CANTVS



Ere care not though they prie, I will loue thee till I die,



Ie- lous sic is but a smart, that tormentes a ielous hart: Crowes are blacke



that were white, for betraying lous delight.



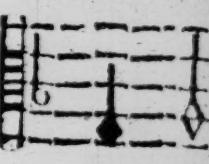
They thar loue to finde a fault,  
May repent what they haue sought,  
What the fond eie hath not view'd,  
Neuer wretched hart hath rew'd:  
Vulcan then, prou'd a scorne,  
When he saw he wore a horne.

Doth it then by might behoue,  
To shut vp the gates of loue,  
Women are not kept by force,  
But by natures owne remorse.  
If they list, they will stray,  
Who can hold that will away.

Ioue in golden shower obtain'd,  
His loue in a towre restrain'd,  
So perhaps if I could doe,  
I might hold my sweete loue to:  
Gold keepe out at the doore,  
I haue loue that conquers more.

VWherefore did they not suspect,  
VWhen it was to some effect,  
Euery little glimmering sparke,  
Is perceiued in the darke:  
This is right, how lets kinde,  
See by night, by day be blinde.

BASSVS.



smart th



lous delig



ANTVS

ee till I die,

B B

s are blacke

Ero care not though they prie, I will loue thee till I die, ielouzie is  
but a smart that torments a ielous hart a ielous hart, Crowes are blacke that were  
white, for betraying lous delight.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Ero care not though they prie,  
I will loue thee till I die, ielouzie is but a  
smart that torments a ielous hart, Crowes  
are blacke that were white, for betraying  
lous delight.

TENOR.

Ero care not though they prie, I will loue thee till I die, ielouzie is but a  
smart that torments a ielous hart a ielous hart, that were white, for betraying  
lous delight.

D



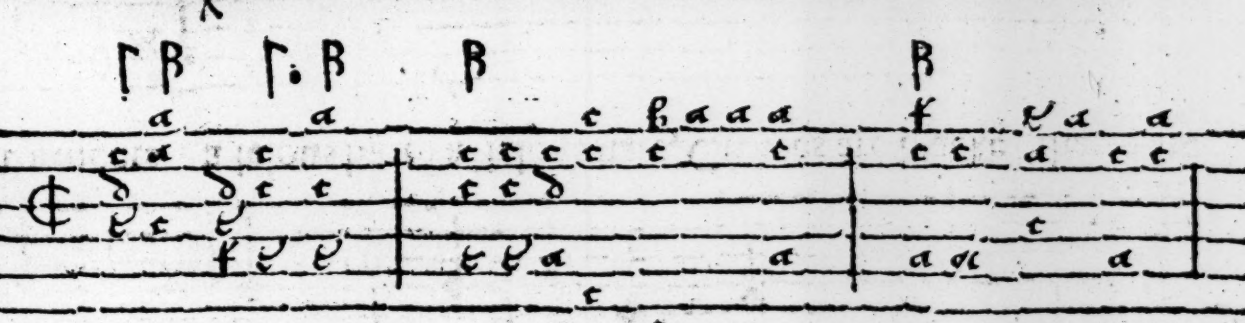
Robert Iones.

IX.

CANTVS



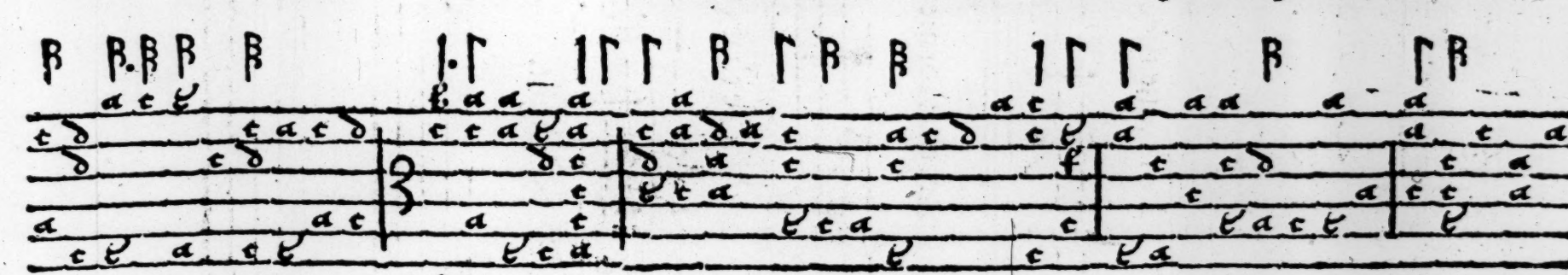
Hen loue <sup>on</sup> time and measure makes his ground, time that must end



though loue can neuer die, tis loue betwixt a shadow and a sound, a loue not in the



hart but in the cie, A loue that ebbes and flowes now vp now vp now downe now



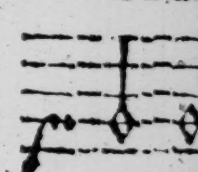
downe, a mornings fauor and an euenings frowne.



2  
Sweete lookes shew loue, yet they are but as beames,  
Faile wordes seeme true, yet they are but as wind,  
Eies shed their teares yet are but outward streames:  
Sighes paint a sadnes in the falsest minde.  
Lookes, wordes, teares, sighes, shew loue when loue they leaue,  
False harts can weepe, ligh, sweare, and yet deccieue.



now



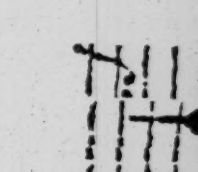
but



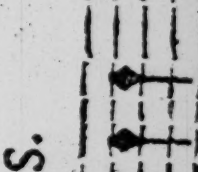
can



now



now



now



now



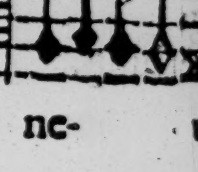
now



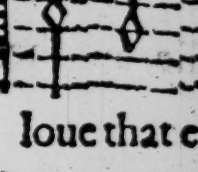
now



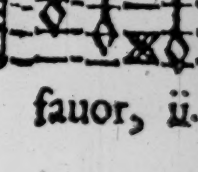
now



now



now



now



now



CANTVS

that must end

ue not in the

now downe now

auce,

Hen loue on time and measure makes his ground, time that must end though loue can  
neuer die can neuer die, tis loue betwixt a shadow and a found, a loue not in the hart but  
in the cie, a loue that ebbes and flowes now vp now  
downe, ii. a mornings fauor and an euening's frowne.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.  
Hen loue on time and measure makes his  
ground, time that must end though loue can neuer  
die, tis loue betwixt a shadow and a found, a loue  
not in the hart but in the cie but in the cie, a loue  
that ebs, ii. that ebs and flows that ebs and  
flowes now vp now downe now downe a mor-  
nings fauor and an euening's frowne.

TENOR.

Hen loue on time and measure makes his ground, time that must end though loue can  
ne- uer die, tis loue betwixt a shadow and a found, a loue not in the hart, but in the cie, a  
loue that ebbes a loue that ebbes and flowes now vp now downe now vp now downe, ii. a mornings  
faur, ii. and an euening's frowne.



Robert Iones.

X.

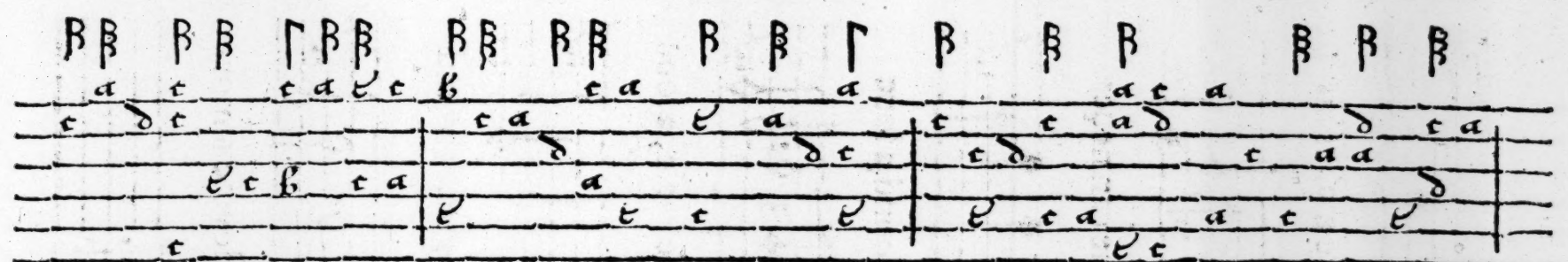
CANTVS



Weet come away my darling, and sweetly let me heare thee sing,



come away, ii. come away and bring my hart thou hast so fast in kee-



ping: Come away, ii. ii. and bring my hart thou hast so fast in keeping.



<sup>2</sup>  
Oh fie vpon this long stay,  
That thus my louing hopes delay:  
Come againe, come againe, ii. and say,  
Sweet hart ile neuer more say thee nay.

<sup>3</sup>  
Deere be not such a tyrant,  
Still to reioice thee in my want:  
Come and doe, come and doe, ii. not scant  
Me of thy sight, so faire and pleasant.

<sup>4</sup>  
VVhy hearst thou not his sighing,  
VVhose voice all hoarce is with crying:  
Come and doe, ii. come and doe something,  
That may reuine thy true loue dying.

<sup>5</sup>  
This is the pride of women,  
That they make beggers of all men:  
VVe must sigh, we must crie, we must die, and then  
Forsooth it may be they will hearken.



NTVS

ee sing,

kec-

B.

thing,

e, and then

fast in keeping.  
come away away, come away, come away and bring my hart thou hast so  
Weete come away my darling, and sweetly let mee heare thee sing,

ALTVS.

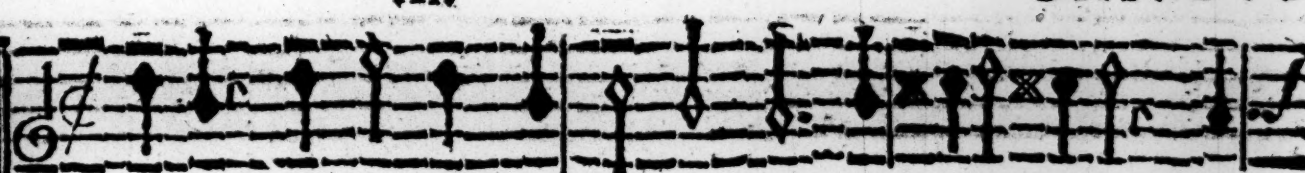
BASSVS.

Weete come away my darling, and  
sweetly let me heare thee sing, come away,  
come away, come away & bring my hart thou  
hast so fast in keeping.

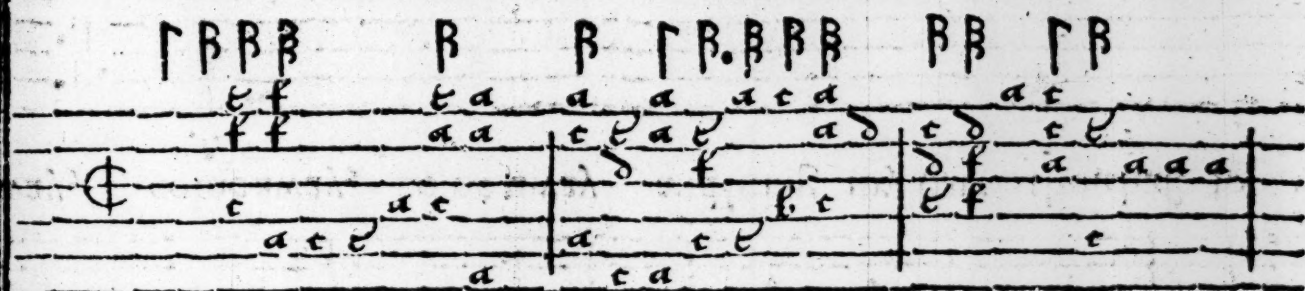
TENOR.

Weete come away my darling, and sweetly let mee heare thee  
sing, come away away, come away, come away and bring my hart thou hast so  
fast in keeping.

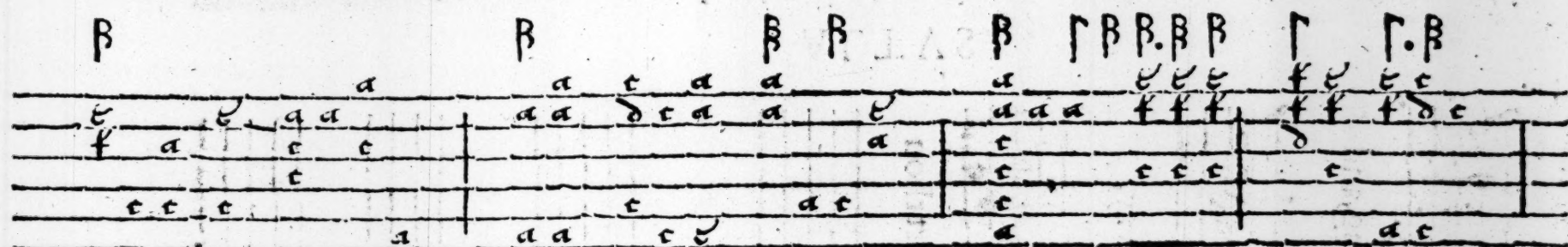




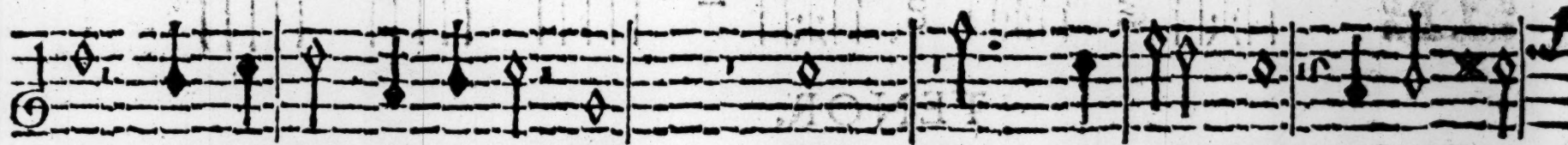
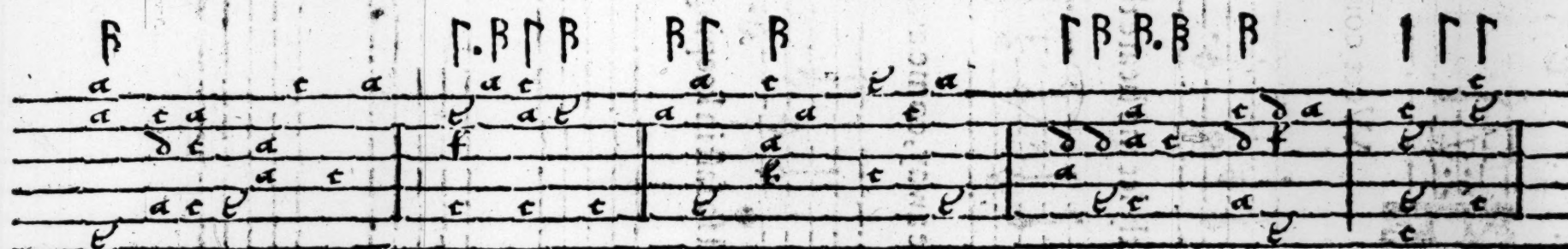
Omen, what are they what are they, changing weather-cocks, that



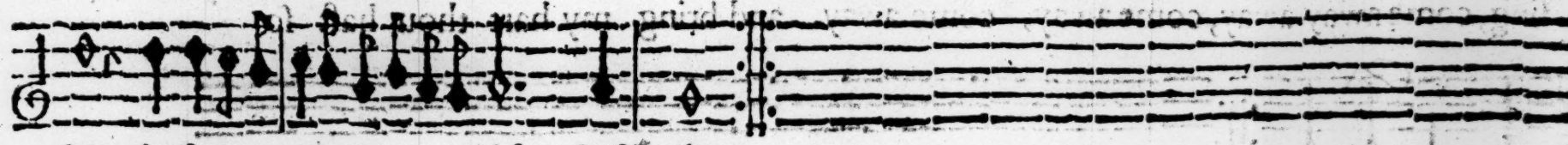
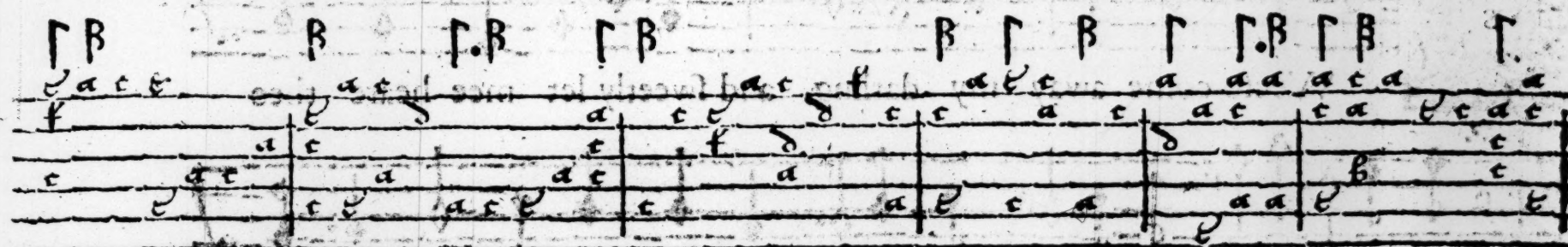
smallest puffs, that smallest puffs of lust haue power to turne, women what are they, ver-



tues stum bling blockes, whereat weake fooles doe fall, the wis ser spurne, wee



men, what are wee, what are we, fooles, fooles, fooles and idle boies, to spend our



time in sport- ting with such toies.



2  
 VWomen what are they? trees whose outward rinde,  
 Makes shew for faire when inward hart is hallow:  
 Women what are they? beasts of Hiaenae's kinde,  
 That speak those fairst, who most they mean to swallow:  
 We men what are wee? fooles and idle boies,  
 To spend our time in sporting with such toies.

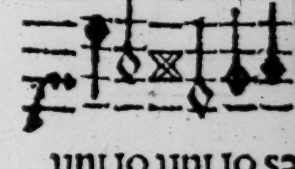
3  
 VWomen what are they? rocks vpon the coast,  
 Where on we suffer shipwracke at our landing:  
 Women what are they? patient creatures most,  
 That rather yeld the striue gainst ought withstanding  
 We men what are wee? fooles and idle boies,  
 To spend our time in sporting with such toies.



idle boies,



whereat



es of lust of lust



BASSVS.

Har are they, what are they, changing



power to turne



weake fooles do



boies, ii.



cocks, that

B

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c c c

burne, wee

spend our

f. c a e

c c c

the coast,  
or landing:  
tures most,  
nt withstanding  
idle boies,  
such toies.

that spend our time that spend  
our time, in sport  
ing with such toies.

weake fooles doe fall, the wiser spurne, we men what are we? what are we? fooles & idle boies,

haue power to turne to turne, women what are they? vertues stumbling blocks, ii. whereat

Hat are they, what are they? changing weather-cocks, that smallest puffes of lust

ALTVS.

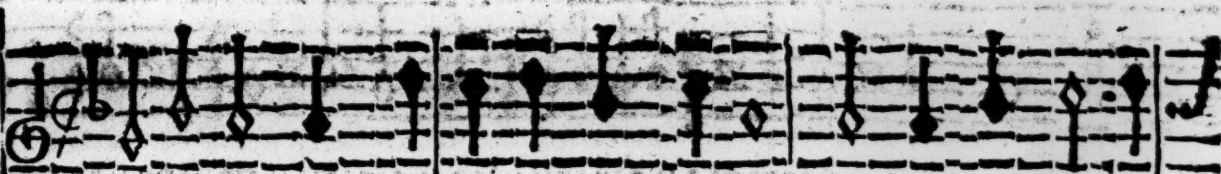
BASSVS.

Hat are they, what are they, changing  
weather-cocks, that smallest puffes, that smallest  
puffes of lust hath power to turne, women what are  
they? vertues stumbling blocks, whereat weake fooles  
doe fall, the wiser spurne, we men what are we, what  
are we fools & idle boies, fooles fooles and idle  
boies, y<sup>e</sup> spend our time, ii. in sporting with such toies.

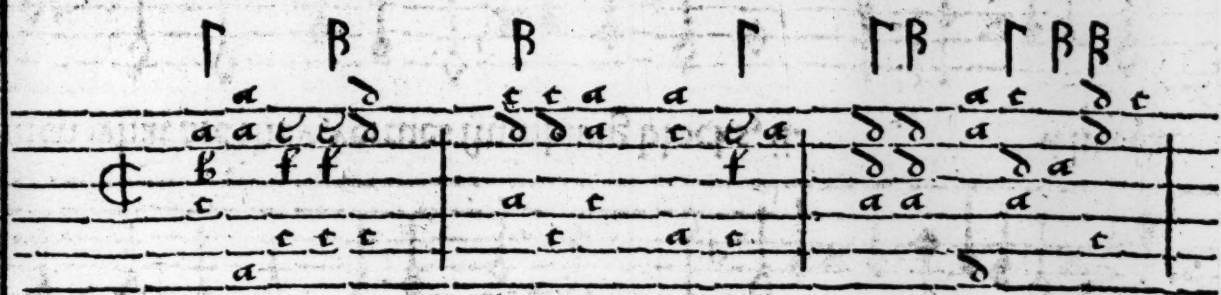
TENOR.

Hat are they what are they, changing weather-cocks, that smallest puffes of lust haue  
power to turne to turne, women what are they? vertues stumbling blocks, stumbling blocks, whereat  
weake fooles doe fall, the wiser spurne, we men, what are we? we men, what are we? fooles and idle  
boies, ii. that spend our time, ii. in sporting with such toies.

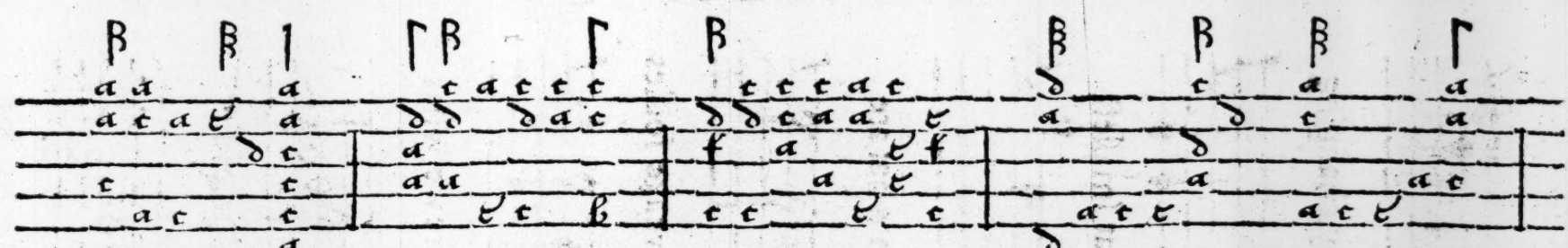




Arewel dear loue since y wilt needs be gon, mine eies do shew my



life is almost done, nay I will neuer die, so long as I can spie, there be many mo though y she do



go there be many mo I feare not, why then let her goe I care not.



<sup>2</sup>  
Farewell, farewell, since this I finde is true,  
I will not spend more time in wooing you:  
But I will seeke els where,  
If I may find her there,  
Shall I bid her goe,  
What and if I doe?  
Shall I bid her go and spare not,  
O no no no no I dare not.

<sup>3</sup>  
Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay a while,  
Sweet kisse me once, sweet kisses time beguile:  
I haue no power to moue,  
How now, am I in loue?  
Wilt thou needs be gone?  
Go then, all is one,  
Wilt thou needs be gone? oh hie thee,  
Nay, stay and doe no more denie mee.

<sup>4</sup>  
Once more farewell, I see loth to depart,  
Bids oft adew to her that holdes my hart:  
But seeing I must loose,  
Thy loue which I did chuse:  
Go thy waies for me,  
Since it may not be,  
Go thy waies for me, but whither?  
Go, oh but where I may come thither.

<sup>5</sup>  
What shall I doe? my loue is now departed,  
Shee is as faire as shee is cruell harted:  
Shee would not be intreated,  
With praers oft repeated:  
If shee come no more,  
Shall I die therefore,  
If shee come no more, what care I?  
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

BASSVS.

Areweldeare loue since thou



is almost done,



she doe go, there



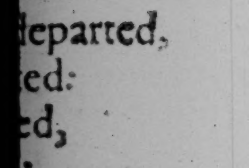
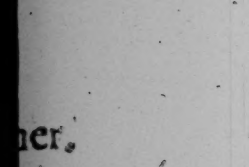
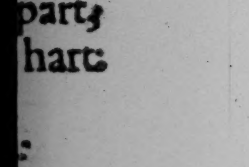
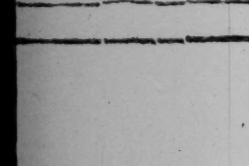
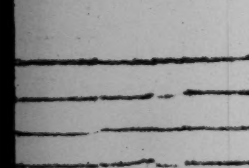
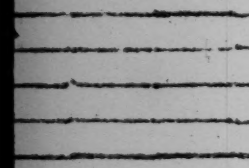
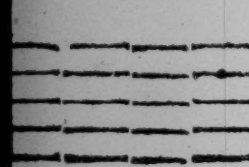
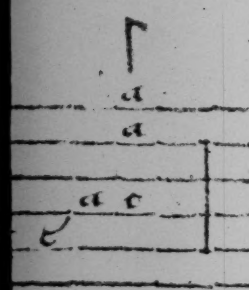
ANTVS



do shew my



gh y she do



Are well deare loue since thou wilt needs be gone, my eies doe shew my life  
is almost done, yet I will neuer die, so long as I can spie, there be many mo, though that  
she doe go, there be many mo I feare not, why then let her go I care not.

ALTVS.

Are well deare loue since thou  
wilt needs be gone, my eies doe shew my  
life is almost done, yet I will neuer die,  
so long as I can spie, there be many mo,  
though that she doe go, there be many mo  
I feare not, why then let her go, I  
care not.

TENOR.

Are well deare loue since thou wilt needs be gone, my eies doe shew my life  
is almost done, yet I will neuer die, so long as I can spie, there be many mo, though that  
she doe go, there be many mo I feare not, why then let her go I care not.

E





My poore eies y<sup>e</sup> sun whose shine late gaue you light doth

Γ B I Γ Γ. B I. Γ B Γ

δ c a c a δ δ a a δ δ b a

3 c c a δ c t t a c t c c a δ

now decline and set to you to others riseth, she who would sooner die then change,

Γ B I Γ Γ. B Γ Γ B. B B Γ Γ I Γ

a a a a t a a a c a a t t a

f δ c c δ δ a a a δ δ a c f δ f f

a t c f c b a δ c t a c t a c

not fearing death delights to range, and now O now O now my soule despiseth.

Γ Γ. B Γ B Γ I Γ Γ I Γ Γ. B Γ B Γ

δ δ δ b f δ c a δ c a a a a a a

f b b b b δ a b a a f b b b f δ c c

δ a c δ c c c a c δ δ c c a

Yet O my hart thy state is blest,  
To finde out rest in thy vnrest:  
Since thou her slaue no more remainest,  
For shee that bound thee sets thee free,  
Then when shee first forsaketh thee:  
Such O such right by wrong thou gainest.

Eies gaze no more, heart learne to hate,  
Experience tels you all too late:  
Fond womans loue with faith still warreth,  
While true desert speakes, writes and giues,  
Some groome the bargaine neerer driues:  
And he, O he the market marreth.

and  
now  
now

BASSVS.

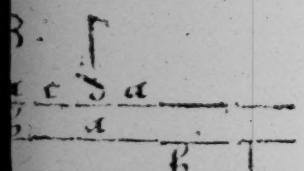
de clin  
fearing d  
O now,



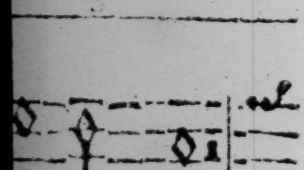
CANTVS



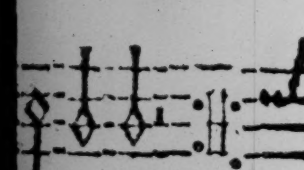
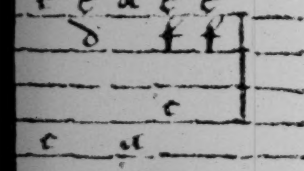
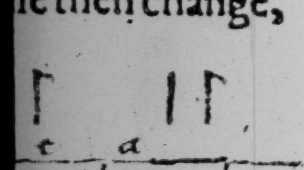
e you light doth



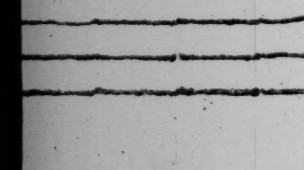
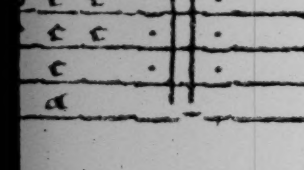
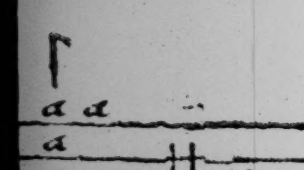
decline and set to you to others



my poore eies that sunne whose shine late gaue you light doth now



despiseeth.



to hate,

h still warreth,

es and giues,

rer driues:

reth.

my loue despiseeth. now O now, ii.

fearing death delights to range, and now O now, ii.

decline and set to you to others riseth shee who would sooner die then change not

my poore eies that sunne whose shine late gaue you light doth now



ALTVS.

BASSVS.

my poore eies that sun whose shine

late gaue you light doth now decline & set to


you to others riseth shee who would sooner die

then change not fearing death delights to range,


and now now O now, ii. ii. my loue

despiseeth & now now O now, ii. ii. my

loue despiseeth.



TENOR.



my poore eies that sunne whose shine late gaue you light doth now

decline and set to you to others riseth shee who would sooner die then change not

fearing death delights to range and now O now, ii. my loue despiseeth and now

O now, ii. my loue despiseeth.



Robert Iones.

XIII.

CANTVS



F fathers knew but how to leane their children wit as

Γ Β Γ Β Β Β Γ Β Γ

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b b c c b b c a b b b a b d b

c c c c c a a c a c

a a a c d d a c

they do wealth, & could constraine them to receiue that phyficke which brings perfect

Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Β

a b a d d d c a c a a d b f d a a a c

a b a a d d d f f a a a c a c

a a a a c a d c a c a c a c a c

health, y world would not admiring stand, a womans face, a womas face and

Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ Β Γ

a d d d a d f e a d d d c a c d c a a d b

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

3 c a c a a c c c c c c c c c c c c

womans hand.

Γ Β Γ

a b a c a

a d c c

a c c c

Women confesse they must obey,  
We men will needes be seruants still:  
We kisse their hands and what they say,  
We must commend bee't neuer so ill.  
Thus we like fooles admiring stand,  
Her pretty foote and pretty hand.

We blame their pride which we increafe,  
By making mountaines of a mouse:  
We praise because we know we please,  
Poore women are too credulous.  
To thinke that we admiring stand,  
Or foote, or face, or foolish hand.

push su

the world

wealth, and

BASSVS.

F fathers knew but how to

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would not adm



NTVS

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perfect

face and


fe,



F fathers knew but how to leaue their children wit as they doe wealth, and  
could constraîne them to receiue that physicke which brings perfect health, the world  
would not admiring stand, ii. a womans face, ii. and womans hand.

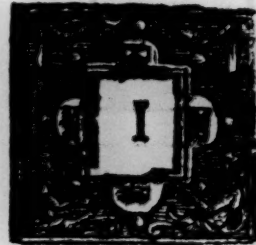
ALTVS.

**BASSVS.**



F fathers knew but how to  
leaue their children wit as they do vwealth,  
and could constraîne them to receiue that  
physicke which brings perfect health, the  
world would not admiring stand, ii.  
a womans face, ii. and  
womans hand.

TENOR.



F fathers knew but how to leaue their children wit as they do vwealth, and  
could constraîne them to receiue that physicke which brings perfect health, the world  
would not admiring stand, a womans face, ii. ii. and womans hand.



Robert Jones.

XV.

CANTVS



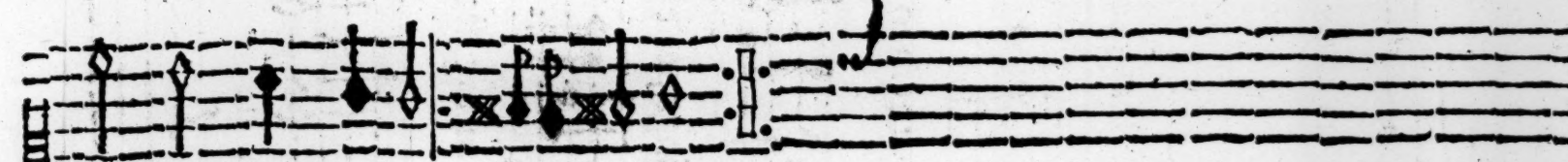
Ife is a Poets fable, & al her daies are lies stolne

β β β β β | γ γ γ β γ | γ γ



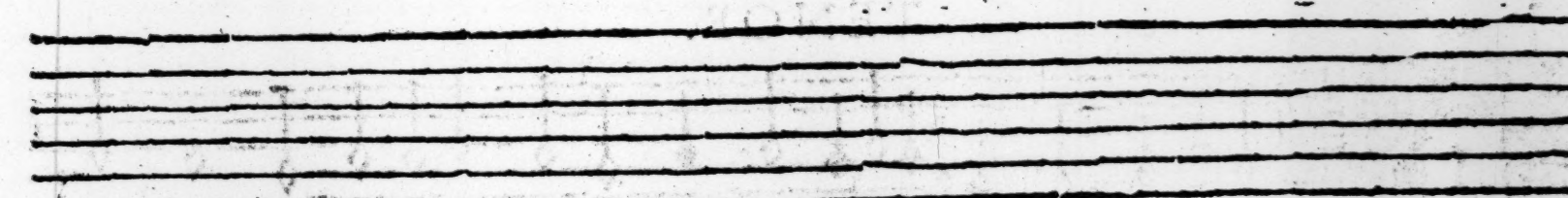
from deaths reckoning table, for I die for I die as I speake, death

γ β β β γ β β β γ β β



times the notes that I doe breake.

β β β γ

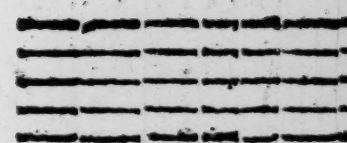


Childhood doth die in youth;  
And youth in old age dies,  
I thought I liu'd in truth:  
But I die, ii. now I see,  
Each age of death makes one degree.

Farewell the doting score,  
Of worlds arithmeticke,  
Life, ile trust thee no more,  
Till I die, ii. for thy sake,  
Ile go by deaths new almanacke.

This instant of my song,  
A thousand men lie sicke,  
A thousand knels are rong:  
And I die as they sing,  
They are but dead and I dying.

Death is but lifes decay,  
Life time, time wastes away,  
Then reason bids me say,  
That I die, though my breath  
Prolongs this space of lingring death.



doe I which I doe



from deaths



Ife is a Poets fable, and all her

BASSVS.



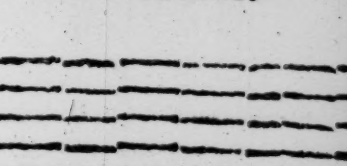
Ife



table for I die



I doe breake.





CANTVS

are lies stolne

ake, death

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way,

ath

ring death.

Life is a Poets fable, and all her daies are lies stolne from deaths reckning fable, iii. for I die as I speake death times the noates which I doe breake, which I doe breake.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Life is a Poets fable, and all her daies are lies stolne fro deaths reckning fable for I die as I speake death times the noates, ii. which I doe breake.

TENOR.

Life is a Poets fable, and all her daies are lies stolne from deaths reckning fable for I die for I die, for I die as I speake, ii. death times the noates which I doe breake.





Wweet Philomell in groaves and defarts haunting, oft glads my

Г.Р.Б Г.Р.Б Р.Б Р.Б Р.Б Р Г.Р Г Р Р Р Р

hart and eares with her sweet chaunting, but then her tunes delight me best, when perchance with

prick against her breast against her breast, she sings. fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie as

ii. **sweete sweete concludes her song,**

Sweete Linny singes and talkes and sweetly smileth,  
And with her wanton mirth my griefes beguileth:  
But then me thinkes shee pleaseth best,  
When, while my hands moue loues request.  
Shee cries phy, phy, ii. and seeming loath gainfaies,  
Till better pleas'd sweete sweete content bewraies.

**BASSVS.**

her sweet cha

against her brother.

sweet, ii.



# CANTVS

ng, oft glads my  
B B B  
a c  
when pearcht with  
B B  
a c  
fie fie fie as  
f. B  
c  
ii.  
f. B  
c  
a  
a  
a

Wcet Philomel sweet Philomel in groaves & defarts haunting, oft glads my hart & eares with  
her sweet chaunting, but then her tunes delight me best delight me best when pearcht with prick against her  
breast against her breast she sings fie, ii. fie fie fie as if she suffered wrong till seeming pleasd, ii.  
sweet sweet sweet, ii. till seeming pleasd sweet sweet sweet, ii. sweet sweet concludes her song.

## ALTVS.

BASSVS.  
Wcet Philomel in groaves & defarts hating  
oft glads my hart and eares with her sweet chaunting  
but then her tunes delight delight me best when perche  
with prick against her breast against her breast she  
sings fie fie fie she, ii. as if she suffered wrong  
till seeming pleasd sweet, f. f. f. till seeming pleasd  
sweete, f. f. f. sweet sweet, ii. ii. sweete sweete  
sweet concludes her song.

## TENOR.

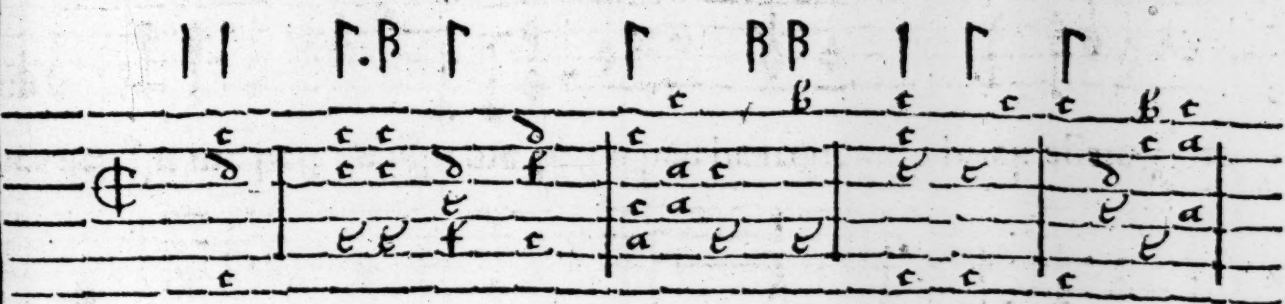
Wcet Philomel sweet Philomel in groaves & de- farts haunting oft glads my hart & eares with  
her sweet chaunting, but then her tunes delight me best delight me best when pearcht with prick against her breast  
against her breast she sings fie, ii. fie fie fie fie as if she suffered wrong till seeming pleasd sweet sweet sweet  
sweet, ii. till seeming pleasd sweet sweet sweet, ii. ii. ii. sweet sweet concludes her song.

And I was glad my hart her with abounding  
O how her pecheant  
cates my pecheant  
mashowes harts rejoyce

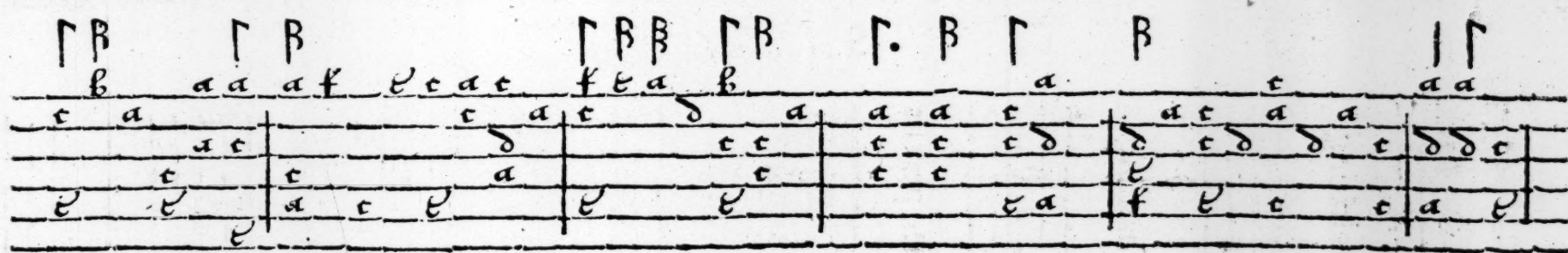




Hathart wherein all sorrowes doth abound, lies in this breast,



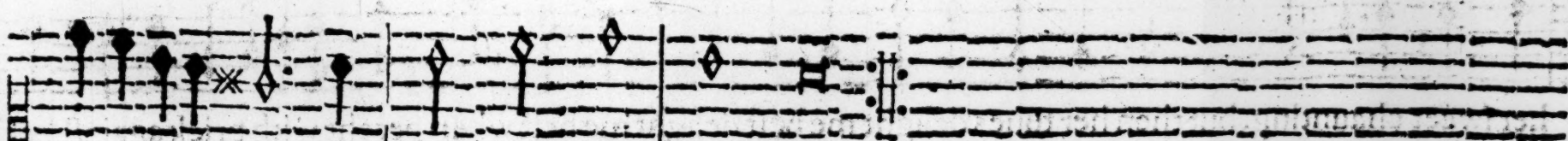
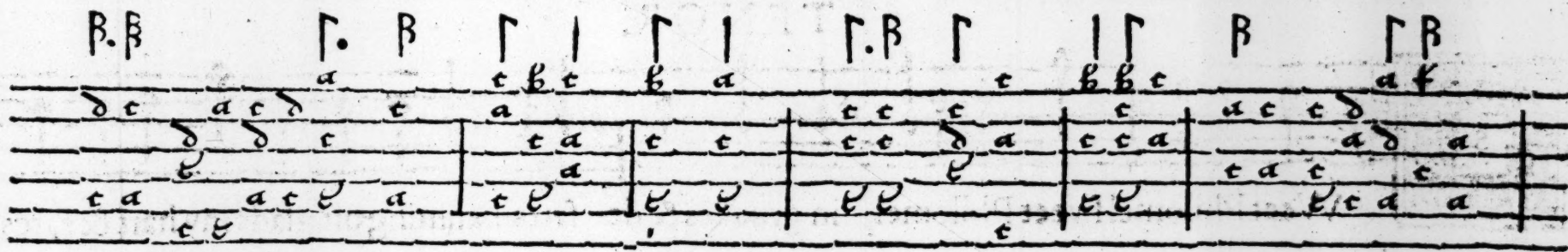
and cries alowd for death, O blamenot her when I am vnder ground,



that scor- ning wisht, ii. that scor- ning



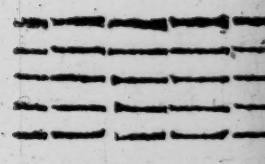
wisht t'out- liue my panting breath, O doe not her despise, but let my death suffice, ii.



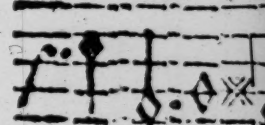
to make all young men wise.



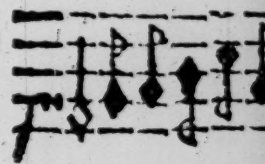
My louing hopes prolonged my lothed life,  
Till that my life grew lothsome to my lou'd,  
Then death and I were at no longer strife:  
And I was glad my death her wish approu'd.  
O let not her be shent,  
Yet let my president,  
Make womans harts relent.



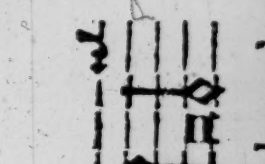
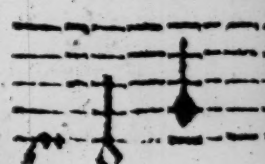
espise O doe



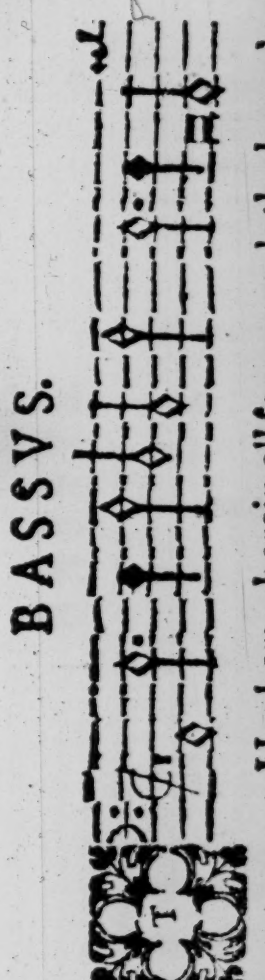
Sum



and cries



BASSVS.



alowd for d



wisht, ii.



death let my



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B. B.

death suffice, ii.

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not her despise but let my death suffice, ii.   
 that scor-ning witht' outline my panting breath, O doe not her despise O doe   
 alowd for death, O blame not her when I am vnder ground vnder ground, that scor-ning   
 Hat hart wherein all sorrowes doth abound, lies in this breast this breast and cries

ALTVS.

**BASSVS.**   
 Hat hart wherein all sorrowes doth abound   
 lies in this breast and cries alowd for death, O   
 blame not her when I am vnder ground, that   
 scor-ning witht, ii.   
 that scor-ning witht' outline my panting breath,   
 O doe not her despise but let my death suffice to   
 make all young men wise.

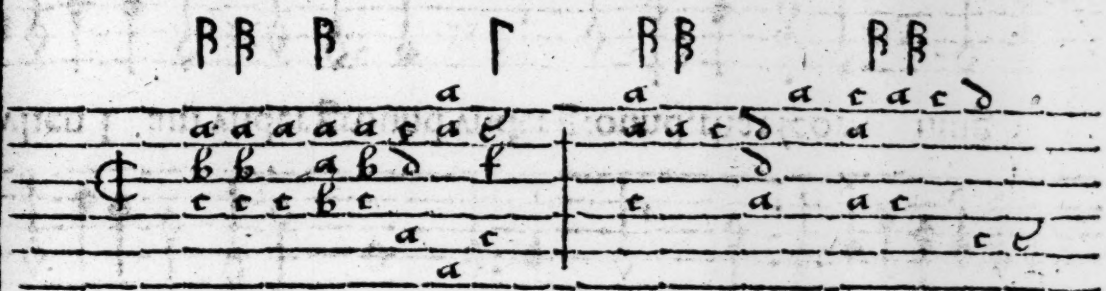
TENOR.

Hat hart wherein all sorrowes doth abound, lies in this breast, ii. and cries   
 alowd for death, O blame not her when I am vn-der ground, ii. that scor-ning   
 witht, ii. ii. t' outline my panting breath, O doe not her despise, but let my   
 death let my death, but let my death suffice to make all young men wise.

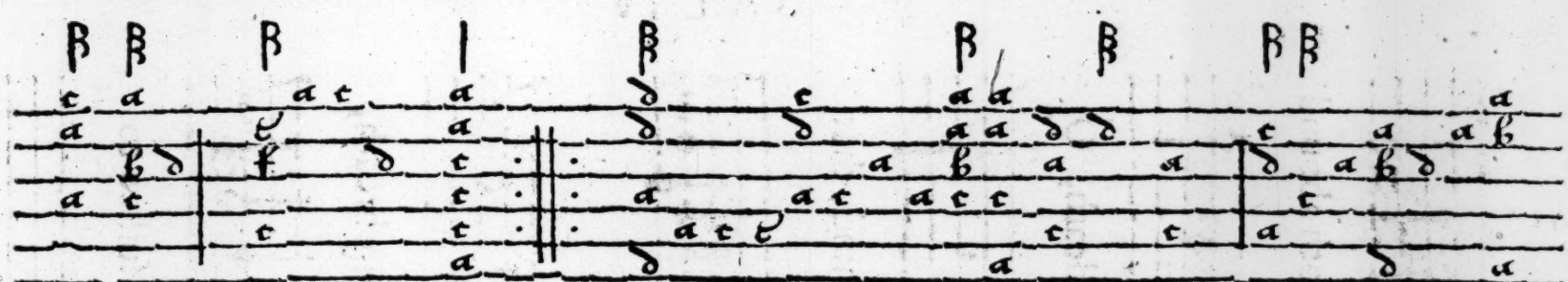




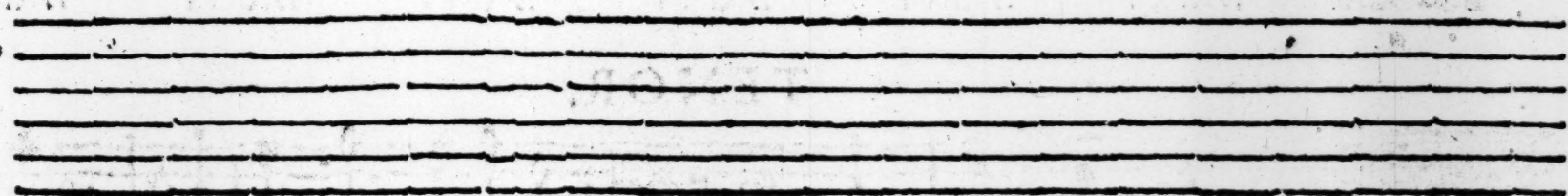
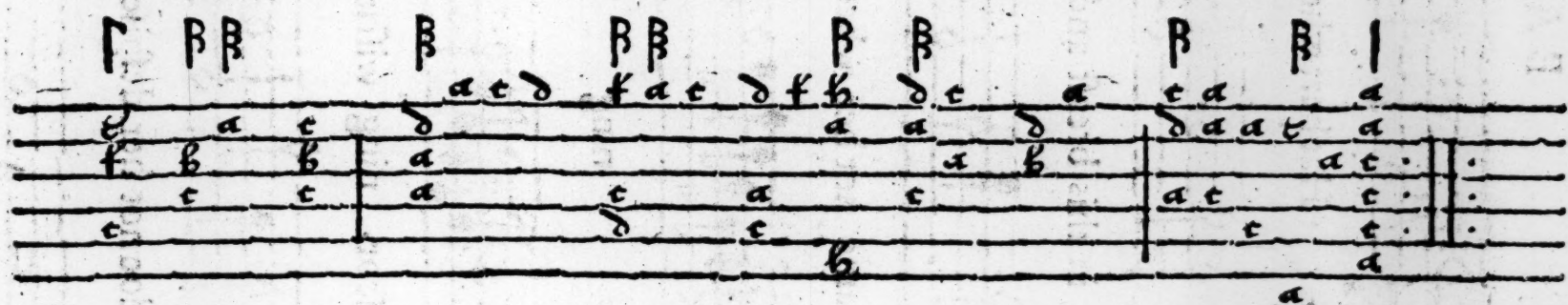
Hat if I seeke for loue of thee, shall I find beauty kind to de-fer  
But if I sue and luee forlorne, then alas! neuer was any wretch



that still shall dwell in mee. Though thy lookes haue charmd mine eies, I can forbear to  
to more mis- for tune borne.



loue, but if euer sweete desire set my wofull hart on fire then can I neuer remoue.



Frowne not on me vnlesse thou hate,  
For thy frowne cast me downe  
To despaire of my most haplesse state:  
Smile not on me vnlesse thou loue,  
For thy smile, will beguile  
My desires if thou vnstedfast proue:  
If thou needs wilt bend thy browes,  
A while refraine my deare,  
But if thou wilt smile on me,  
Let it not delayed be,  
Comfort is neuer too neare.

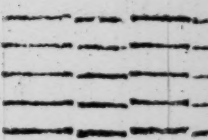
BASSVS.



dwell in m  
for tune b



desire se

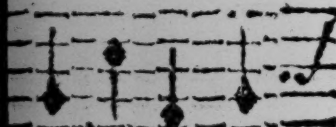
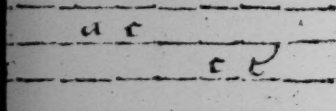
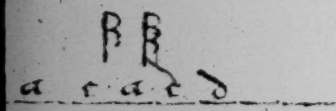




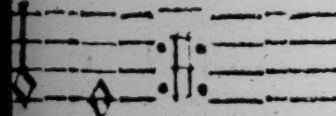
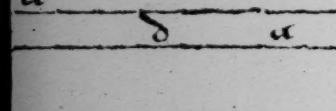
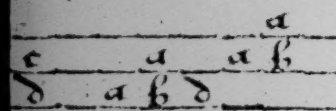
CANTVS



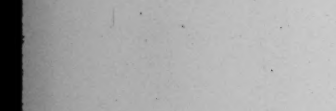
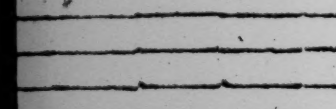
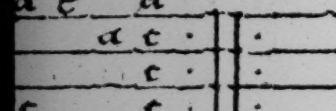
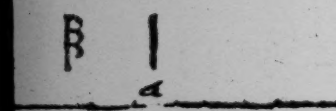
aity kind to de-fert  
uer was any wretch



can forbear to



remoue.



desire being my wofull hart then can I neuer remoue.



dwel in mee. Though thy lookes hath charmd mine eies I can forbear to loue, but if euer sweete  
for tune borne.



Hat if I seeke for loue of thee, shall I find beauty kinde to de- fert that still shall  
But if I sue and liue forlorne, then alasse neuer was any wretch to more mis-



ALTVS.

**BASSVS.**

Hat if I seeke for loue of thee,  
But if I sue and liue forlorne,

shall I find beauty kinde to de- fert that still shall  
then alasse neuer was any wretch to more mis

dwel in mee. Though thy lookes haue charmd  
fortune borne,

mine eies I can forbear to loue, but if

desire set my wofull hart on fire then I can  
neuer remoue.

TENOR.

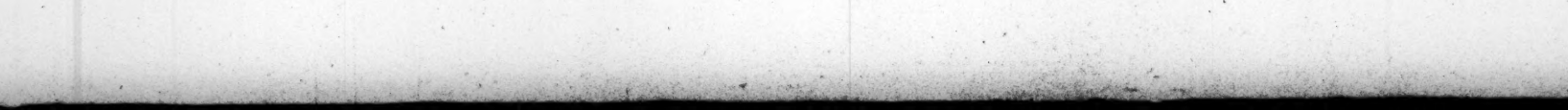
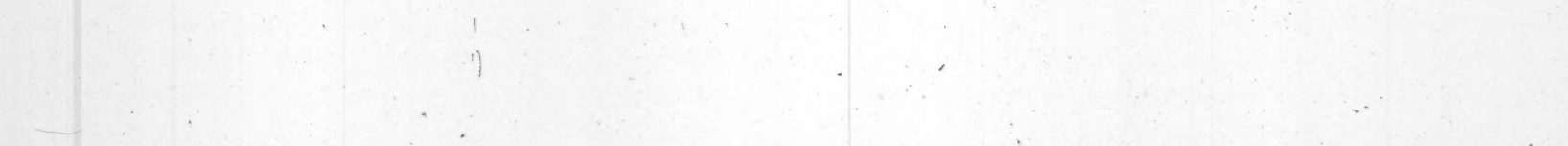
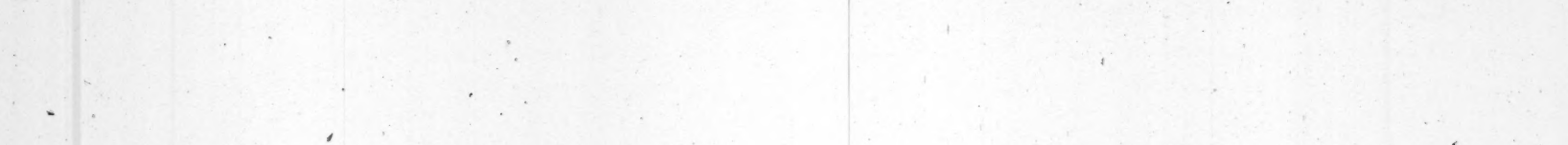
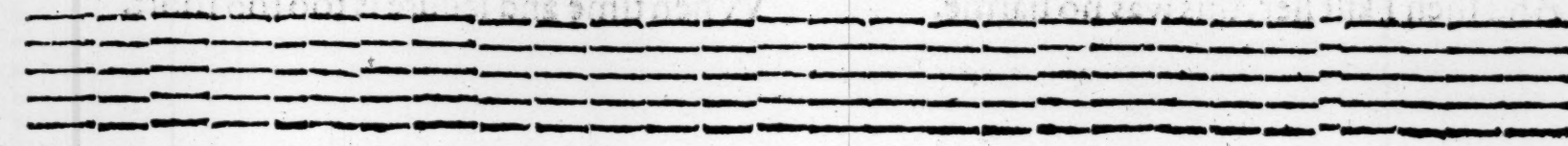
Hat if I seeke for loue of thee, shall I find beauty kinde to de- fert that still shall  
But if I sue and liue forlorne, then alasse neuer was any wretch to more mis



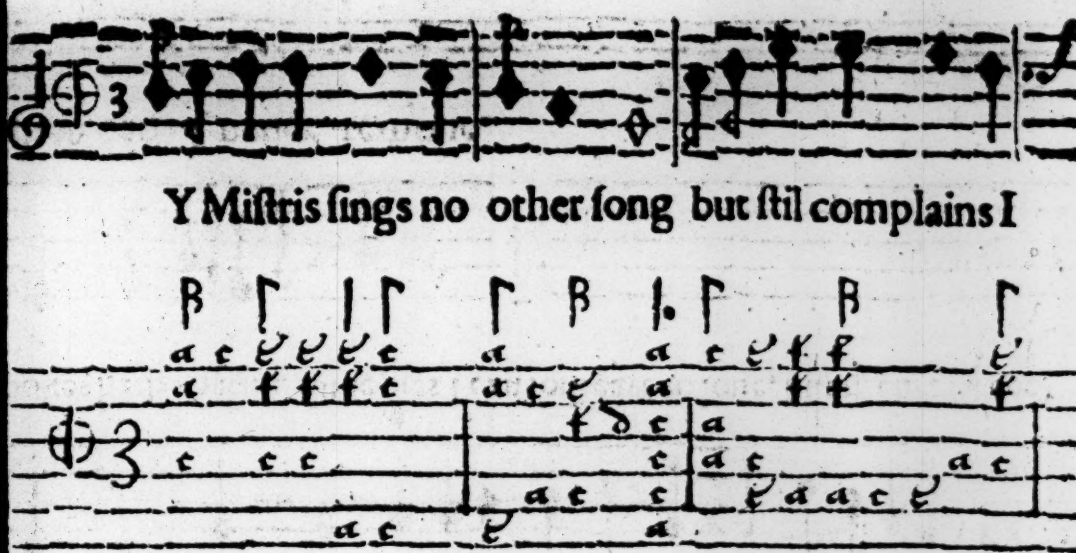
dwel in mee. Though thy lookes haue charmd my eies I can forbear to loue, but if euer sweete  
for tune borne



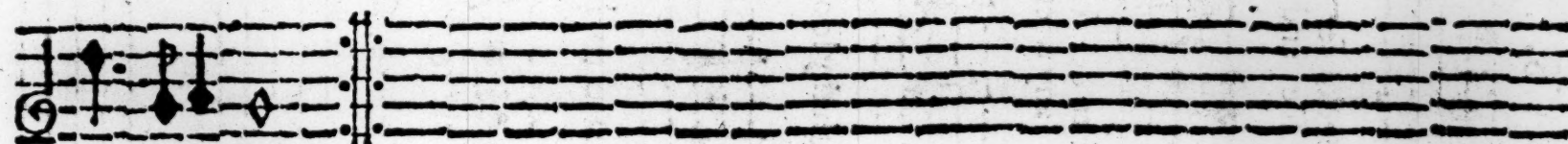
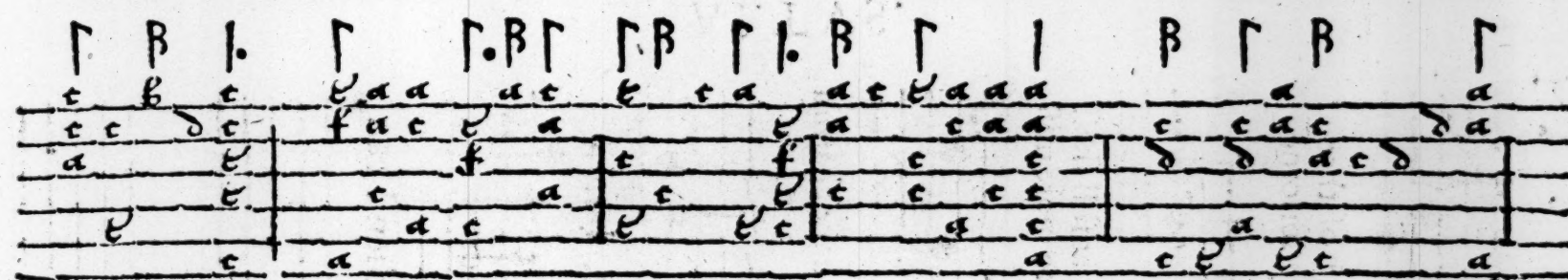
desire set my wofull hart on fire then I can neuer remoue.



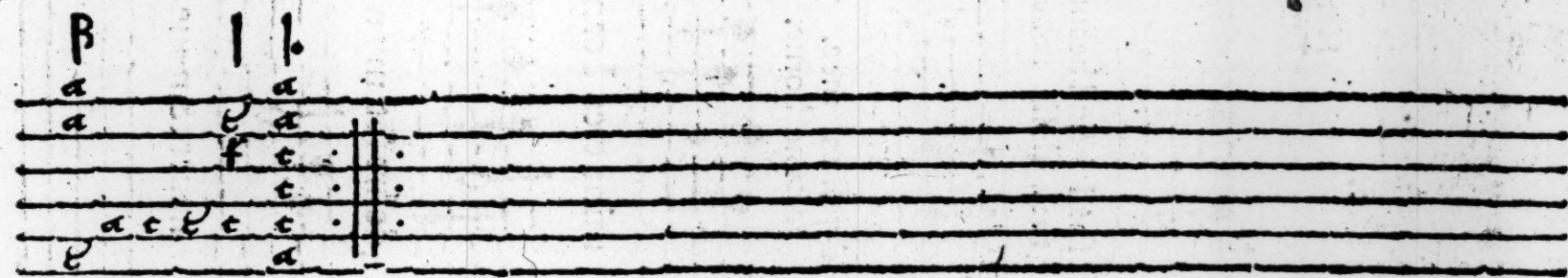




did her wrong, beleeue her not it was not so, I did but kis her, I did but kisse her and



let her goe.



And now she sweares I did, but what,  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that:  
And yet I will it is so sweete,  
As teehee tahha when louers meete.

But womens words they are heedlesse,  
To tell you more it is needlesse:  
I ranne and caught her by the arme,  
And then I kist her, this was no harme.

But shee alas is angrie still,  
Which sheweth but a womans will:  
She bites the lippe and cries fie fie,  
And kising sweetly away shee doth flie,

Yet sure her lookes bewraies content,  
And cunningly her brales are meant:  
As louers vse to play and sport,  
When time and leasure is too too short.

*bawles*

BASSVS.



wrong, b



let her goe



will:  
fie,  
doth fie,  
content,  
neant:  
too short.

**TENOR.**

**BASSVS.**

**Y Mistris fings no other song**

but still complains I did her wrong,

believe her not it was not so, I did but kiss

her I did but kisse her and let

her goc

Y Mistris finges no o- ther song but still complaines I did her

wrong, belecue her not it was not so, I did but kisse her I did but kisse her and

let her goe.





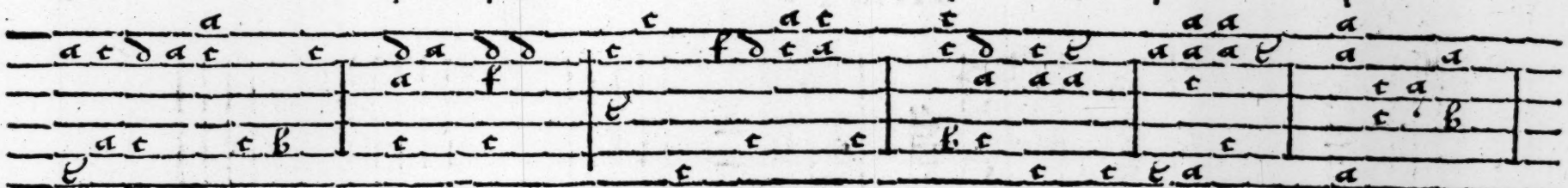
Erplexed perplexed fore am I, thine eies fair loue like Phebus

Γ.β Γ β β β Γ Γ β β β Γ.β



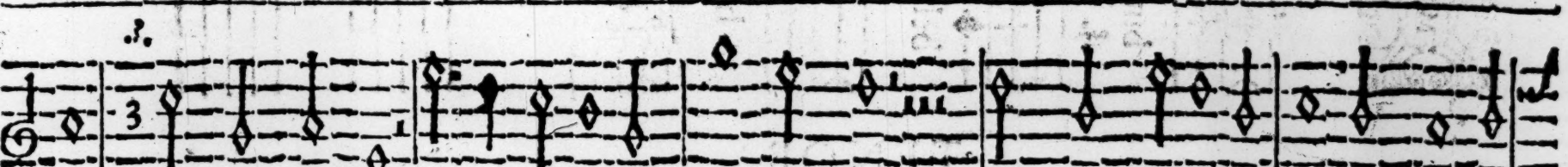
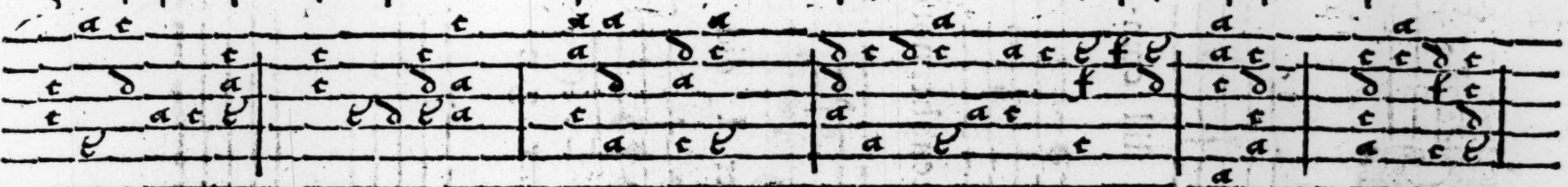
brightest beames doth set my hart on fire and daze my sight, yet doe I liue

β Γ.β Γ.β β Γ β Γ Γ



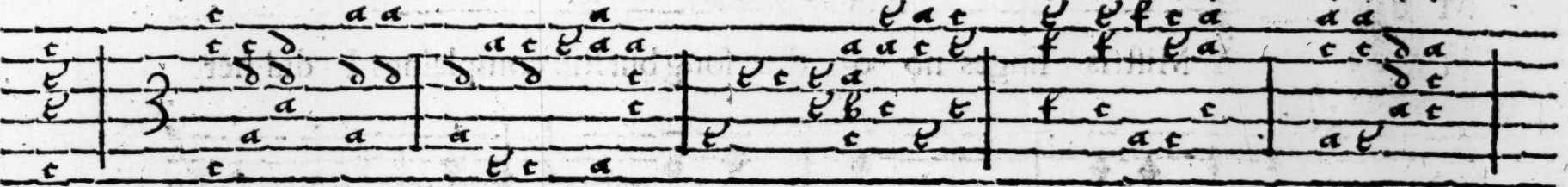
by vertue of those beames, for when thy face is hid comes feare- full night and I am like to

Γ β β Γ β Γ Γ β β β Γ



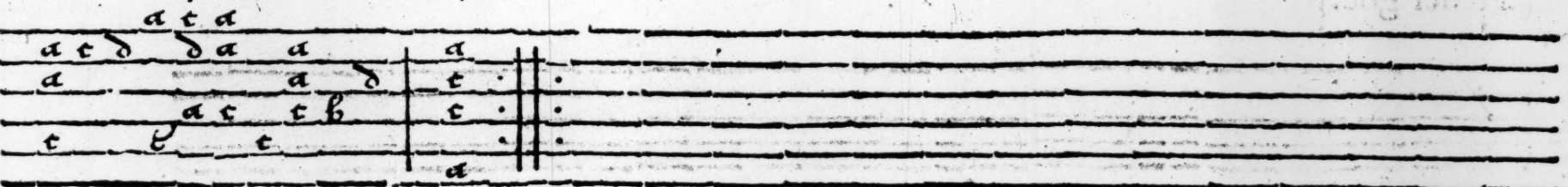
die, then since my eies can not indure so heauenly sparke, sweet grant that I may stil feele out feele

Γ Γ β Γ β Γ β Γ β Γ Γ



out my loue by darke.

β Γ β Γ



2  
So Shall I ioyfull bee,  
Each thing on earth that liueth by the sunne:  
Would die if he in glorie still appeare,  
Then let some cloudes of pittie ouerrunne  
That glorious face, that I with liuely cheere,  
May stand vp before thee.  
Or, Since mine eies cannot endure so heauenly sparke,  
Sweet grant that I may still feele out my loue by darke.

circie, sweete

my face is

let my hart

by vertue of those beames, for when thy face is hid comes feare- full night and I am like to

die, then since my eies can not indure so heauenly sparke, sweet grant that I may stil feele out feele

out my loue by darke.

So Shall I ioyfull bee,

Each thing on earth that liueth by the sunne:

Would die if he in glorie still appeare,

Then let some cloudes of pittie ouerrunne

That glorious face, that I with liuely cheere,

May stand vp before thee.

Or, Since mine eies cannot endure so heauenly sparke,

Sweet grant that I may still feele out my loue by darke.



CANTVS

luc like Phebus  
doe I liue  
d I am like to  
il feele out feele

grant that I may still feele out my loue by darke.  
hid comes fearefull night,  
then since mine eies can not indure so heauenly sparke, sweet  
on fire and daze my sight yet doe I liue by vertue of those beames for when thy face is  
thine eies faire loue like Phebus brightest beames doth set my hart  
Eplexed

ALTVS.

BASSVS.  
thine eies faire  
Eplexed  
loue like Phebus brightest beames doth set my hart on  
fire and daze my sight, yet doe I liue by vertue of  
tho se beames for when thy face is hid comes  
fearefull night, then since mine  
eies can not indure so heauenly sparke, sweet grant  
that I may still feele out my loue  
by darke.

TENOR.

Eplexed  
thine eies faire loue like Phebus brightest beames, ii. doth  
set my hart on fire and daze my sight, yet doe I liue by vertue of those beames for when thy face is  
hid comes fearefull night, then since thine eies can not indure so heauenly sparke, sweet  
grant that I may still feele out, ii. my loue by darke.  
G



Robert Iones.

XXI.

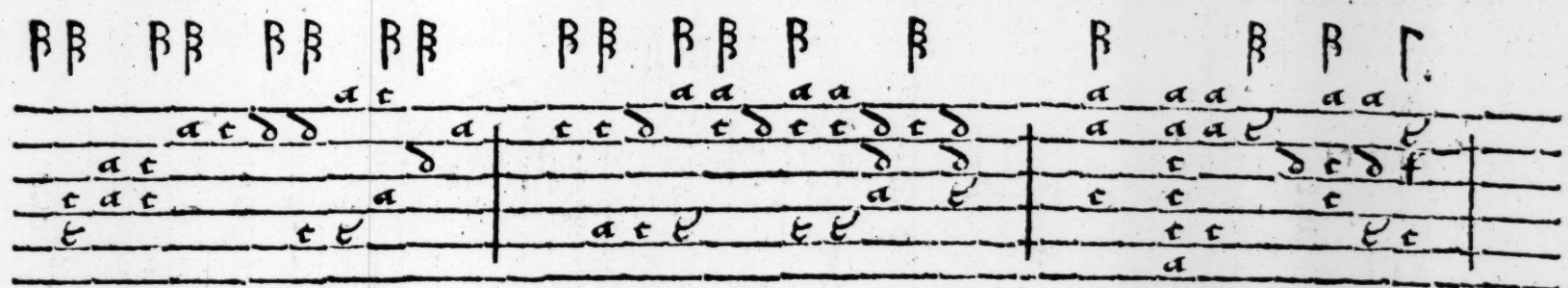
CANTVS



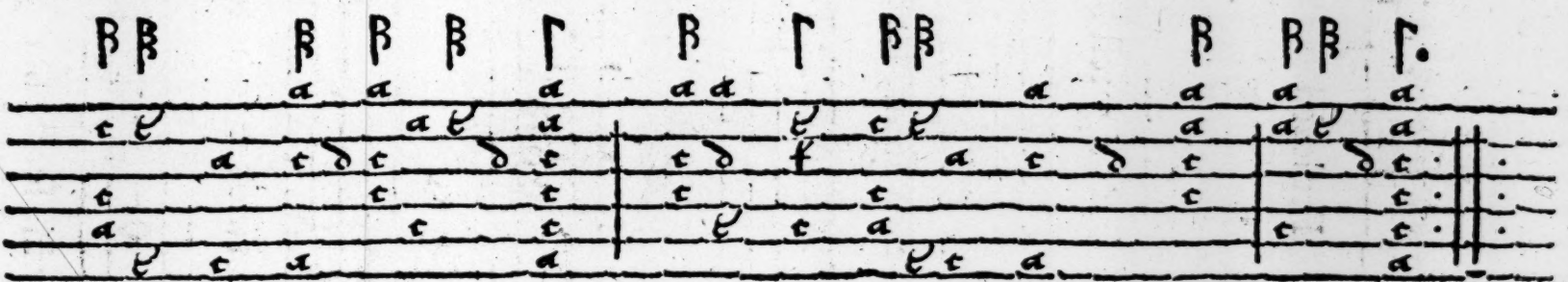
An modest plaine desire to the ioies of loue aspire?  
Can worthi- nesse procure more then har di- nesse assure?



no no no, ii. no no no where feare of each frowne, takes hopes



height downe a downe d.d.d. downe, takes hopes height downe a downe d. d. d. downe.



<sup>2</sup>  
Granting is so eschew'd,  
Least the grant lie vnperfued:  
Least futors brag they might,  
And account the grantors light:  
No no no is a weake defence growne,  
Till force beare downe downe a downe.

<sup>3</sup>  
Yet who would staine loues seate,  
With a blot of such a seate:  
Or for so vile a toy,  
Ioine repentance with his ioy.  
No no no her vertue well knowne,  
Beates vaine thoughts downe downe a downe.

BASSVS.



No no no is



downe a d.

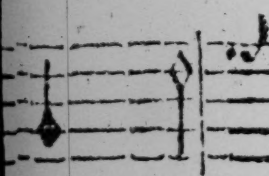


CANTVS



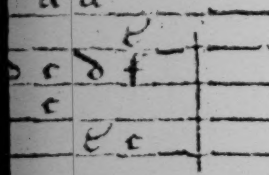
ue aspire?  
the assure?

B



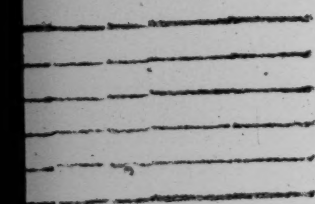
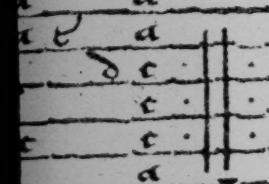
takes hopes

B



d. d. downe.

B



wne,  
downe a downe.

no no no is a weake defence growne, till force beare downe, ii.  
a downe till force  
beare downe downe downe downe a downe.

ALTV

**BASSVS.**

An modest plaine desire to the  
Can worthe- nesse procure more then

ioies of loue aspire,  
har dinesse assure,

No no no, ii. no

no no is a weake defence growne, till force

beare downe do. d. a. d. d. d. downe till force

beare downe do. d. a. d. d. d. d. downe.

TENOR.

An modest plaine desire to the ioies of loue aspire,  
Can worthe- nesse procure more then har dinesse assure,

No no no, ii.

No no no is a weake defence till force beare downe downe a d. a d. d. downe till force beare

downe a d. a d. d. a downe.

FINIS.